

Jack Edward Jennings
Born 1884 - died 1917

pl. 38

son
of Cap. Jack Davis Jennings.

Born Dec. 22, 1840 at Farmington, Mo.

died Dec. 14, 1904

served in Civil War commanded a Co. in Bedford Forrest's command.

Mr. Charlotte Temple Hale

Born on Sept 2, 1847 at Water Valley, Miss.

died on Nov. 15, 1906

Student at
Cape Girardeau

son of
Stonewall
Jackson

Robert

Hervey

daughter of:

John Kimple Hervey

Sept 19, 1846

Feb. 25, 1917

Victoria Shannon Hervey

July 28, 1851

April 23, 1931

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L'ALLEGRO

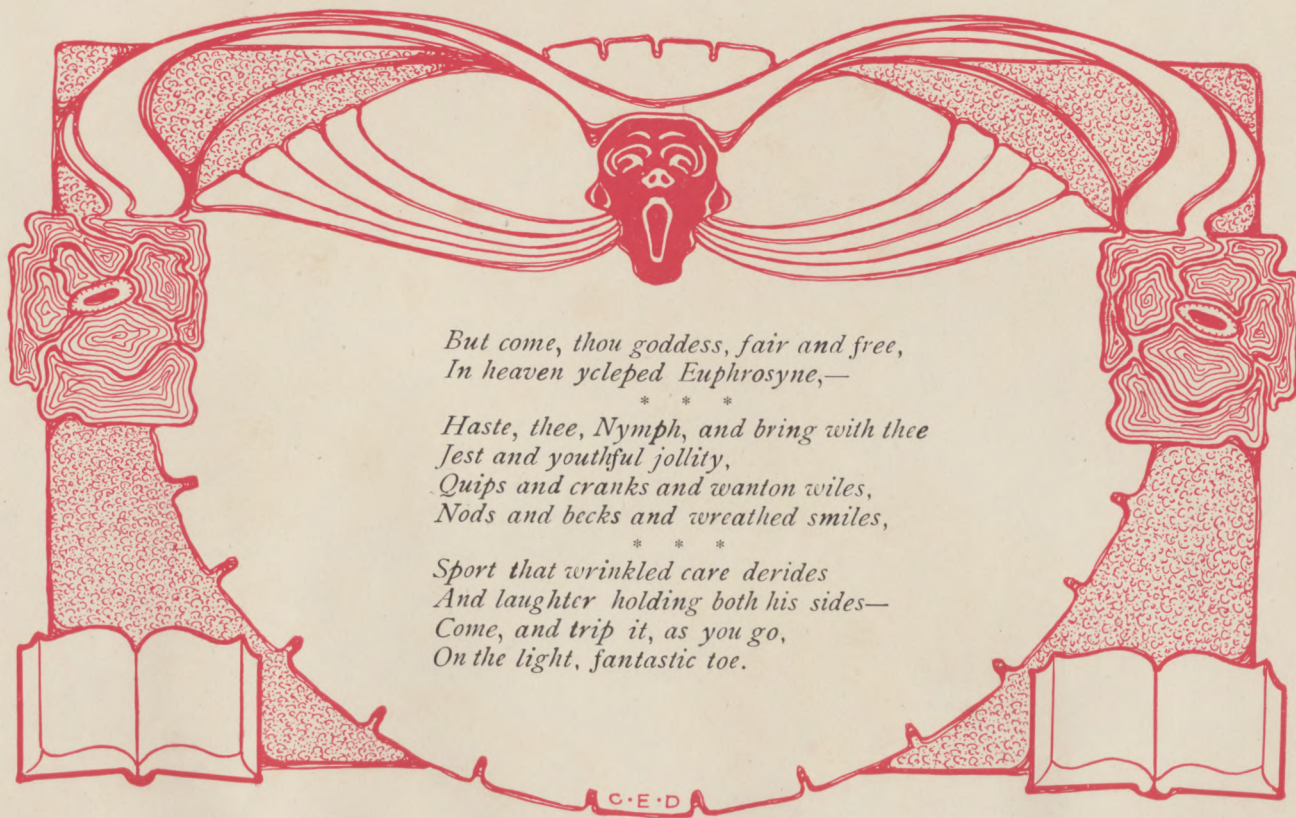


Volume I

Published Annually by the Students of

Mississippi College

1907



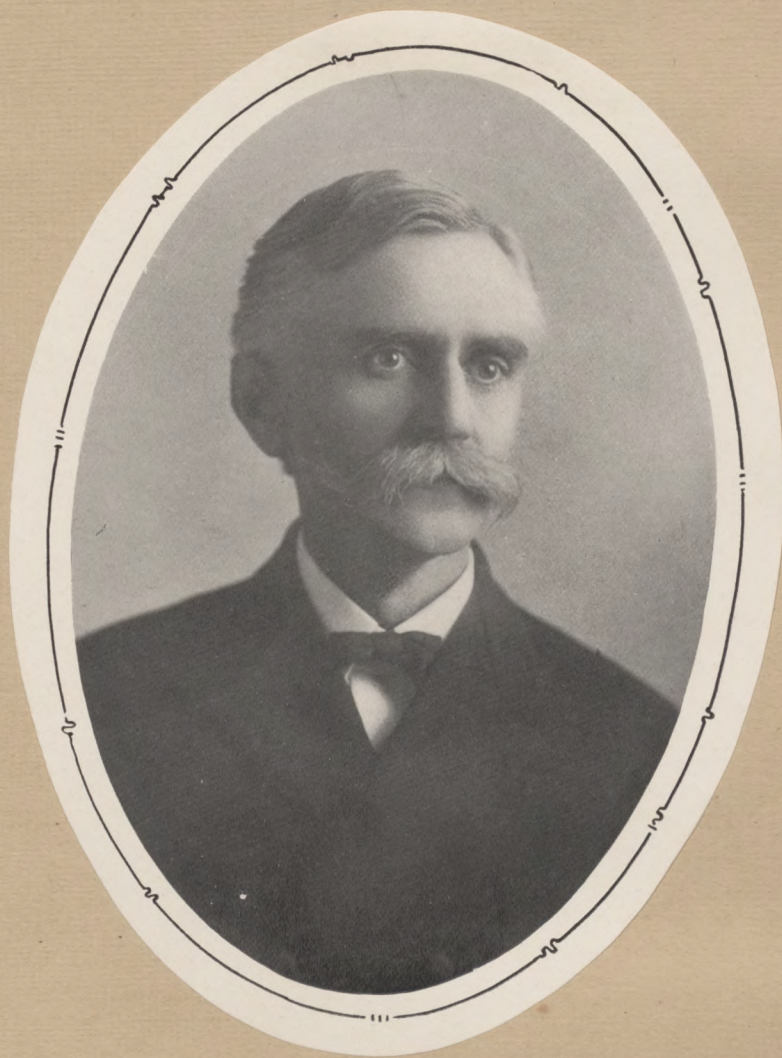
*But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,—*

* * *

*Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,*

* * *

*Sport that wrinkled care derides
And laughter holding both his sides—
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe.*



Dedication

To Dr. William Tyndale Lowrey, President Mississippi College

To thee, thou gentlest, kindest, noblest, truest friend —
To thee, of whom, when thy life's open book is kenned,
It may in truth be said, "Here is a man
Who lives for us and loves us; whose demand
Is only that he be allowed to serve,
Whose prayer that he from simple truth not swerve"
To thee our highest, richest tribute it is meet
That we should bring and offer at thy feet.
Yet should we find the task beyond our skill
To bare our hearts and into words instill
The essence of our love, this much we know:
If, in the evening's gentle twilight glow,
A friend should come with stealthy step to lay
A rose beside thee and then should steal away
Unnamed and silent in the gath'ring gloom,
He'd know the flower would forever bloom
Nor would from out thy memory e'er depart,
Because 'twere not a rose he'd give thee, but—a heart.

Editorial

INITIATIVE! „What is the initiative?“ asks Elbert Hubbard. “It is,” he says, ‘doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told,” he continues, “is to do it when you are told once.”

Inspired by the spirit of initiative, it was decided by the student body last year that we should have an annual; this was the right thing at the right time. Then a staff was selected, and told to issue it; this, a necessary evil, was the next best thing: “But,” adds the Philistine, “your pay is not always in proportion.”

“Nothing, not even a blade of grass,” says Epictetus, “ever attained to perfection suddenly.” In doing the first thing for the first time, there is always an element of uncertainty, which cannot be removed and which can be minimized only by a vast amount of labor.

It has been our utmost endeavor to produce an annual commensurate with the greatness of Mississippi College. The value of the product of our labor we measure by our success in accomplishing this. With much of gratification and something of pride, we present the result, and believe the annual that surpasses it will be an eminent success.

Gratitude? Stacks of it. To those who aided us, to those who encouraged us, to those who counseled us, to the student body as a whole, and to the Faculty, are due it.

Our annual, as representing the new era on which we are entering, is now an institution. We have attempted to set a standard, and may it with every succeeding issue be raised higher and higher.

President W. T. Lowrey



THE happiest fortune that can attend one's birth is that he comes of parents of sterling character. This is a notable fact in the birth of the subject of this sketch. His father was one of ten children left to the care of a widowed mother when he was but four years old, and from that tender age his life was a struggle. He was converted at seventeen, went to the Mexican War at eighteen, married at twenty-one, and entered the ministry at twenty-four.

His mother was a woman of exceptional native excellence, who with her marvelous industry and practical sense added a reserve power to her husband's strength, which largely counteracted his lack of early training and made possible the splendid achievements of his later life. By wise use of small opportunities he educated himself after marriage, and rose steadily into commanding prominence as preacher, soldier, educator, and citizen. In the Civil War he rose to brigadier general, was called "the fighting preacher of the Army of Tennessee," and was introduced by General Pat Cleburne as "the bravest man in the Confederate Army."

Such parentage is the best possible introduction into life.

W. T. Lowrey came also of a large family. There were eleven children, and he was the eldest of six brothers. Such a family, if of wise parents, is in itself a school of life, calling for so much mutual concession and self-denial. It keeps one from growing self-centered, and fosters in him the sweet amenities of life. This effect is heightened when conditions are hard, and W. T. Lowrey's childhood and youth were cast in north Mississippi in a time of civil war and reconstruction, a period of great adversity. From eight to sixteen years of age he worked on the farm and studied at home with brief intervals of attendance on the country schools. He was converted at eleven years of age. He was prepared for college by Capt. T. B. Winston, of Blue Mountain Male Academy. He entered Mississippi College in the fall of 1878, and was graduated in three years with first honors.

The writer's first personal knowledge of him was when he entered Mississippi College in 1878. He then won a place in his esteem and love which he holds yet, only in a larger and richer measure. He remembers him as elegant in appearance, amiable in disposition, and winning in manner, beloved of faculty and students. He was a winner of friends, and knew how to be friendly. He liked the boys and loved the girls. He was a good mixer and was prominent in society work. If he ever had an enemy, I never heard of it.

He had expected to enter the profession of law until about the time of his graduation, when he felt it his duty to enter the ministry. After graduation in June, 1881, he entered in the fall the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, and when he was about completing his Senior year there, was called home by the sudden death of his father and succeeded him as President of Blue Mountain Female College. This position he assumed on his twenty-seventh birthday, and on the first of September following married Miss

Theodosia Searcy, daughter of Dr. J. B. Searcy, of Arkansas. He filled this position with eminent success for thirteen years, when he accepted the presidency of Mississippi College.

This step marks an epoch in his life, and in the history of Mississippi College, opening up to him a greatly enlarged field of operation for his peculiar abilities and inaugurating a period of greatly enlarged prosperity for the College.

Dr. Lowrey forms his opinions with great deliberation and holds to them with great pertinacity. He has made a science of acquaintanceship and magnifies the good that is in others. He has a genius for friendship and personal loyalty is a principal source of his power.

His manner of life has tended to make him a man of affairs rather than a scholar, and has developed his inherited gift of leadership. It is doubtful if a politician in Mississippi has so large a personal acquaintance with his constituency as Dr. Lowrey has with the Baptist constituency in Mississippi. He has shown great State pride and loyalty.

A close observer has recently said that one of the striking facts of our time is the conspicuous ability of the educational leaders in the Southern States, and that educational work there is a form of statesmanship, and appeals to men of the very highest grade of ability. Dr. Lowrey's work is constructive, and his talent is executive rather than critical. He is showing himself able to project and exploit large and safe plans for the steady enlargement of the work and influence of one of the oldest and most useful of Southern colleges.

What he is doing for Mississippi College is giving him prominence as an educational force in the South, and few roles are more honorable or conspicuous now than that of commanding leadership in educational work.

He has been fortunate in coming into the presidency of the College at a time of general prosperity and widespread educational awakening, when there is more disposition and ability to aid education, and a more general thirst for it. The man and the occasion have met, and he has not only utilized, but has intensified these cooperating tendencies among Mississippi Baptists, and has made them effectual in the material enlargement of endowment and in one hundred and twenty thousand dollars already secured for new buildings, and in patronage increased to a present enrollment of four hundred and thirty-two students, with improved conditions on every hand, promising a glorious future for the College, with the time not far distant when she will have ample buildings and equipment for a thousand students. The things that have been in the mind and the heart of the President and the Board and the brotherhood are now taking shape and will in a few years transfigure the old campus.

What Dr. Lowrey has been able already to accomplish, and what he is on a still larger scale planning to do, is on the foundation of less conspicuous but equally grand work done by noble predecessors in office, whose work of toil and tears amid impossible conditions we must never allow to be obscured nor forgotten.

P. H. E.



OLD CHAPEL BUILDING

Mississippi College



THE first act of the Legislature of Mississippi chartering this famous old institution was passed on the 26th day of January, 1826. The institution was chartered under the name of Hampstead Academy. One year later an act was passed by the Legislature, changing the name to Mississippi Academy, and in 1830 an act was passed changing the name to Mississippi College. The institution was at first under the management of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, and had no denominational connection. Later it went under the management of the Presbyterians. The Presbyterians, having become tired of the responsibility on account of a division in their ranks, finally gave up the institution, and in 1850 it was transferred to the control of the Baptist denomination. When the war opened, the College had what at that time were considered excellent buildings, and also an endowment of about \$100,000. The war, however, swept away the endowment securities, which consisted largely of notes from wealthy planters, whose fortunes were ruined by the war. The war also left the buildings in a dilapidated condition and a debt of \$6,000 for repairs and running expenses. For many years the College struggled against financial embarrassments and did its work in poverty and toil. For many years the income was supplemented by collections from the churches. But, during all these years the College attracted a sturdy class of students, from among whom many strong and mighty men were developed.

In 1890, under the leadership of Dr. J. B. Gambrell, a beginning was made toward endowment by the raising of \$40,000. Immediately after the war, Dr. Walter Hillman was made president of the College, and under his leadership the institution made a new start toward prosperity.

In 1872 Dr. Hillman was succeeded by Dr. W. S. Webb. Dr. Webb bore the heat and burden of the day with great efficiency and fidelity for eighteen years. The great work of the institution, and the noble name it bore during all these years, were due largely to the character and the work of this great man. Great endowments are important, but great men are more so. The institution that is headed by a great man, suited to his position, will do noble work and exert far-reaching influence, even against great financial disadvantages. President Webb's name and work ought to be kept forever fresh in the memory of the friends of Mississippi College.

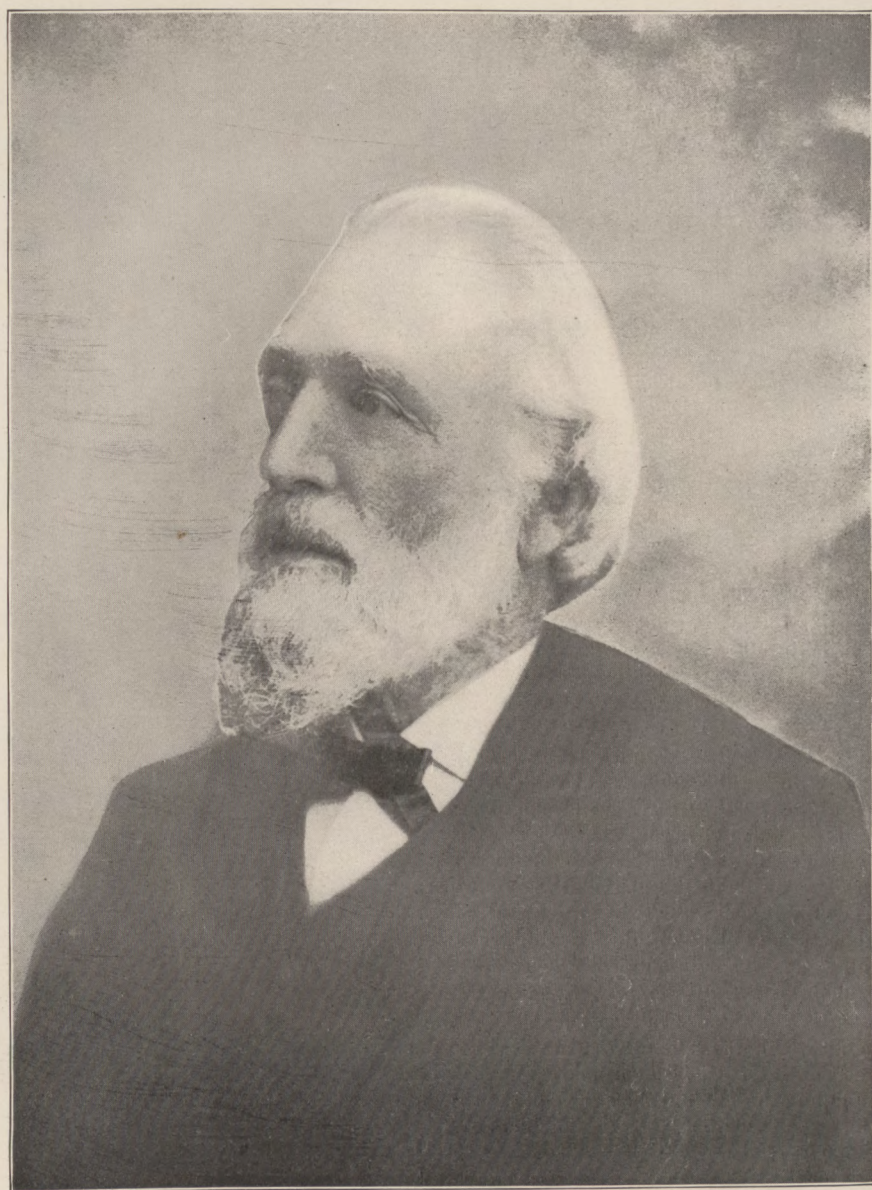
The next two administrations were brief but brilliant. Dr. R. A. Venable was president for four years, during which time the patronage was excellent.

Dr. Provine presided for three years, during which time he made decided improvements on the equipments of the institution, especially in the Scientific department.

In 1878 a serious backset was given to the College by the great yellow fever scourge, which carried so many noble Mississippians to their graves.

In 1897, in the midst of Dr. Provine's progressive administration, a still more serious setback was given by the fact that yellow fever not only spread over Mississippi, but reached to the town of Clinton. This was the hardest stroke that had come to the College since the war. It took three years of hard work to bring the student body back to its previous number. In the midst of this great crisis Dr. Provine resigned and Dr. W. T. Lowrey accepted the presidency. For the last nine years the progress of the institution has been steady and rapid. The number of students has run to 436, and is still increasing. The endowment has been run to \$105,000, and will doubtless be much more largely increased in the near future. A fund of \$120,000 has been raised in cash and good subscriptions for new buildings. The course of study has been extended, the faculty has been increased, and the fame of the institution has rapidly grown. Those acquainted with the situation confidently expect now that constant and rapid strides of progress will be made.

Let those who find inspiration in growth and progress keep a watchful eye on Mississippi College.



Ex-President Webb



R. W. S. WEBB was born in 1825 in the State of New York, the youngest of fourteen children, where he attended the public schools until he was eighteen years of age, when he entered the academy at Kingsville, Ohio, under Dr. Z. C. Graves, the distinguished brother of Dr. J. R. Graves, where he was prepared for college and was converted and joined the Baptist church.

From this academy he entered what is now Colgate University and was graduated from this institution with the A. B. degree in 1849, and with the A. M. degree two years later. That year he was induced by J. R. Graves, who was his first Greek teacher, to take charge of an academy near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. He was here married and ordained to the full work of the ministry, Dr. Joseph Eaton, President of Union University, preaching the ordination sermon.

It was his deliberate purpose to devote his life exclusively to the preaching of the gospel, but God seemed to have other work for him, and a call came just at this time to the presidency of Grenada Female College, Grenada, Mississippi, which he accepted, and, reaching Grenada by the old-fashioned stagecoach on Friday morning, September 1, 1851, he "delivered his inaugural address on Saturday night, preached a funeral sermon on Sunday, and entered upon his duties as President of the College on Monday morning." When he left this position, six years later, it was the largest college for girls in Mississippi.

Now followed a period of some fourteen years devoted to pastoral work with various churches in northeast Mississippi, from which field he was called to Clinton, first as pastor, and a year and a half later, at the resignation of Dr. Hillman, was elected to succeed him as President of Mississippi College.

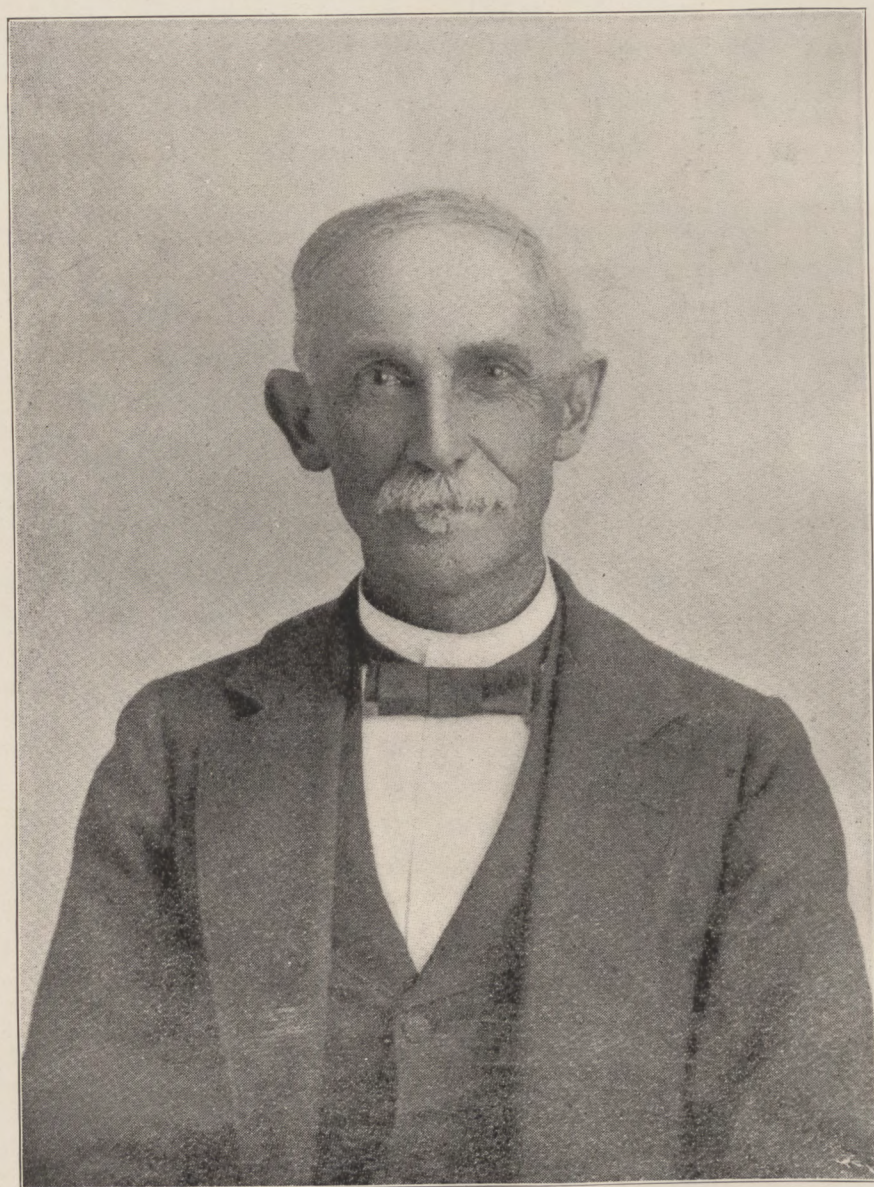
Thus through a long chain of providences was he led into the great field of Christian education, to do a monumental work for which his peculiar abilities seemed preeminently to fit him. A great work and a great worker thus met, but amid conditions that called for superhuman wisdom and strength. President Webb's entire administration of eighteen years was under conditions that would have driven a less heroic soul not only into discouragement, but to despair. He was called to the helm when the College was like a disabled ship that had barely escaped the terrors of storm only to face unseaworthy and unprovisioned the worse terrors of a calm with not a breeze to swell the sails. Indifference was added to ruin. It was the heroic effort to steer the College into port over this becalmed sea, when all interest in the College seemed dead, that palsied those brave hands and shattered that stalwart frame which is sacred yet, even in its ruins, to every old student of the College who felt and feels still the moral uplift to his life from personal touch with this second man of Rugby. From the humble platform of the old Lower Chapel there went out power which has advanced every good cause in Mississippi, and has been felt around the world. His dominant talent was to awaken the soul, to vitalize the life, to build character and to enlist it in the noblest lines of the world's work. He was the grandest character-builder that the State has known. The writer yet feels his influence as one of the strongest forces for good that ever entered his life. His administration being cast in a time when a moneyed endowment was a distinct impossibility, he addressed himself to the even higher work of endowing the institution with student loyalty and denominational love, which was the best possible preparation for the present movement for greatly enlarged endowment and equipment.

We hail him,

"Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

"The good gray head will soon be seen no more,
For life's self-sacrifice to him will soon be o'er."

P. H. E.



Capt. W. T. Ratliff



THIRTY-FIVE years is a long time for one man to preside over a board of trustees and yet Capt. W. T. Ratliff has been President of the Board of Trustees of Mississippi College for thirty-five years. He has given the College a great deal of his time and thought. He has also been ready at all times to divide his money liberally with her. His name, his face, and his loyalty ought to be remembered by the friends of the College for all time to come.

Capt. Ratliff's parents died in his early childhood, and he was reared an orphan. Through his early boyhood he did hard work on a farm. A few years before the war he entered Mississippi College as a student. In his early manhood he was married to Miss Mary Cook, a member of one of the best families in Mississippi, and a young woman worthy of her family and of the manly young man with whose destiny she linked her own.

When the war opened, young Ratliff was thrilled with the desire to prove his patriotism on the field of honor. He therefore enlisted in the Confederate Army, where he became captain of the famous Ratliff's Battery. He was one of the bravest and best of soldiers, a just and wise commander, and has always been greatly loved by the men who served with him in the days that tried men's souls.

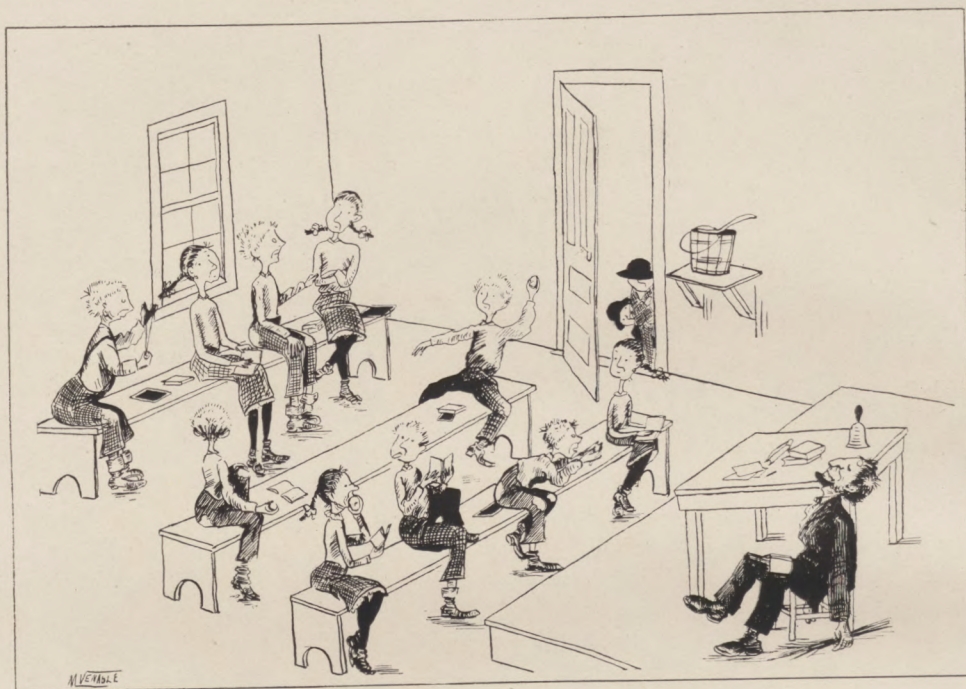
After the war Capt. Ratliff was elected chancery clerk of Hinds County, which position he filled with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the people for nearly twenty years. Later he was sheriff of the county. His long official record is without spot or blemish.

In the affairs of the Baptist denomination in Mississippi, he has been greatly trusted and honored. For many years he was the moderator of the Central Association. For a number of times he was elected treasurer of the Mississippi Baptist Convention, of which distinguished body he is now the honored president.

Capt. Ratliff's three-score and ten years weigh lightly upon him, and we hope that his face and figure will continue to be often seen about the College campus for at least another decade.

Near the close of last session Capt. Ratliff celebrated his golden wedding. The Faculty of the College presented him with a beautiful gold watch, with the hope that he would have yet very much to do with time before entering upon eternity. The Senior class of the College presented him with a beautiful gold chain, expressive of their desire that he should still be bound to time and that he should be bound by golden links.

We wish you bon voyage, dear Captain,
As you sail toward the evergreen shore,
And when you have reached the fair haven
We'll keep your name fresh evermore.



The Faculty

Song

Everybody works but the Faculty,
 And they sit around all day,
 Looking wise and dignified,
 And listening to what we say;
 Spot, Zed, Zeus, and Ajax,
 And all the rest, you see—
 Everybody works at this place,
 'Cept the Fac-ul-tee.

NOT in buildings, not in equipments, not in endowment nor organization nor support, nor yet in its curricula and high standard of scholarship required and maintained, lies the chiefest greatness of Mississippi College, but in its Faculty. While we have no lack of pride in all these other features pertaining to our institution, yet to the noble, earnest men who compose our Faculty is due our deepest regard and highest tribute for the splendid worth of our College.

Should you be asked to state what best fits a man for the greatest usefulness in life, you would do well to answer: "The possession of qualities." Qualities, mental, moral, physical—qualities, a briefer term for influence, capacity, ability, purpose, accomplishment, all so combined as to possess the power of impressing themselves on others in the formation of character and manhood.

"This hurts me more than you, my son," is hard to believe while the rod is being applied; but every "prof" declareth that whom he loveth he chasteneth—and they say they love us, every one. And they do—through flunk and pass, through thick and thin.

Because of their dignity we admire them; because of the prep hall we obey them; because of exams we laugh at their ancient jokes; but because they are men, noble and true men, pure in thought and purpose and ever ready in tender sympathy, to aid us, we love them.



John William Provine, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry

You have made the wiser choice—
A life that moves to gracious ends,
Thro' troops of unforgetting friends—
A deedful life.

—Tennyson.

JOHn WILLIAM PROVINE, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry and head of the Department of Natural Sciences in Mississippi College, was born and reared at Cole's Creek, Calhoun County, Mississippi. His college education was secured at Mississippi State University, where he was graduated with the bachelor's degree in 1888. Winning the chemistry fellowship in the University in his Senior year, which was given on competitive examination, he did postgraduate work in that department and took his master's degree in 1890. After this, three years were spent in study abroad, most of the time being spent in Munich and Göttingen. He was graduated in Chemistry in the latter institution in 1893 with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

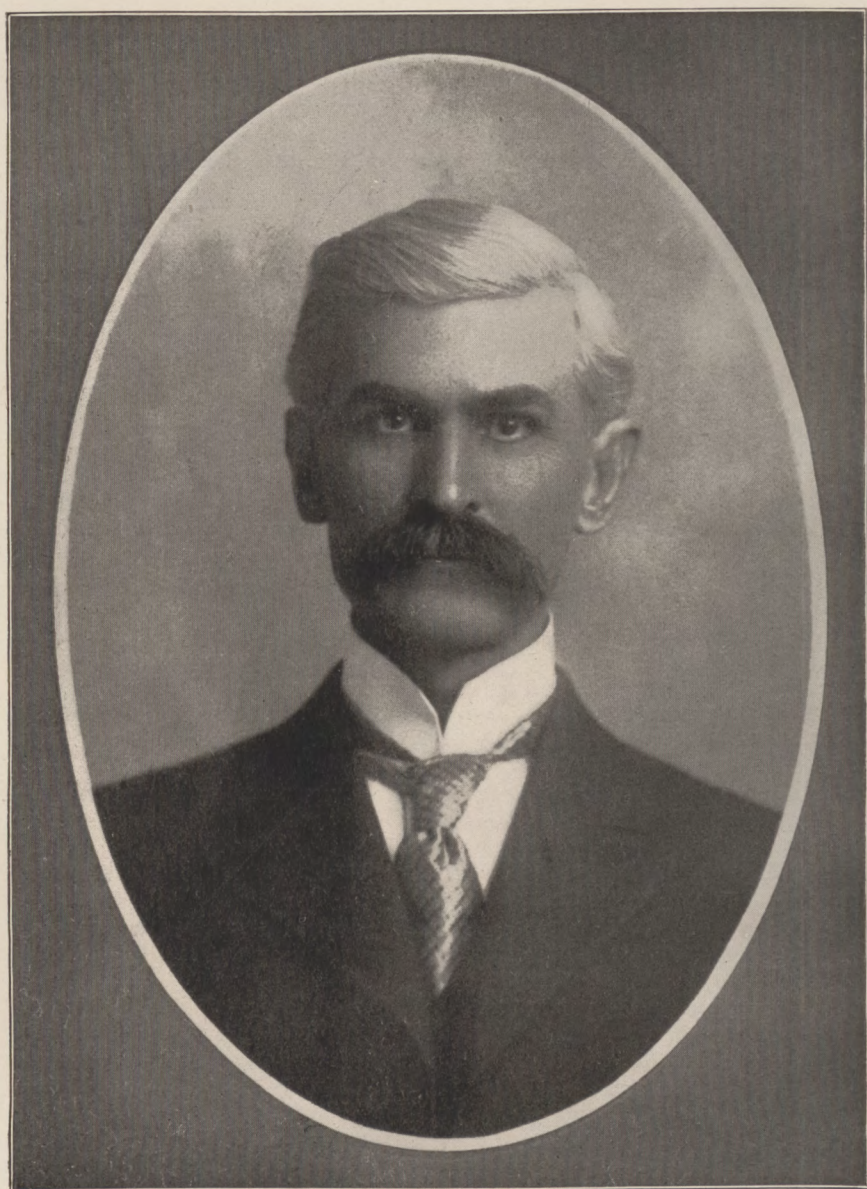
On Dr. Provine's return to America in 1893, he was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in Mississippi College. The department, however, had to be created, for not much more than a beginning had been made in Chemistry in that institution until he took charge of the department. It is now recognized as one of the strongest departments in the College, and, indeed, one of the strongest departments of Chemistry in any college in the State. As a chemist, Doctor Provine has no superior in Mississippi; he is frequently called on for expert scientific work.

When the presidency of the College became vacant in 1895, by the resignation of President Venable, Doctor Provine was asked by the Board of Trustees to act as Chairman of the Faculty, which he did for two years; then he was made President, and served with marked administrative ability until 1898, when he asked the Board to relieve him of the executive duties of the College.

In addition to his professional duties, he has many outside interests. He is recognized as the business man of the faculty. By way of diversion he runs a large farm on practical and scientific principles. As mayor of the town of Clinton, he inaugurated the splendid system of electric lights and waterworks. He is still a member of the town board, and takes an active interest in all that pertains to civic improvement. Moreover, he is one of the directors of the Bank of Clinton, manager of the steam laundry, president of the Business Men's League, treasurer of the church, and treasurer of the local lyceum bureau. In all these capacities his counsel is practical, and looks to the interest of all concerned.

The subject of this sketch is no less active in Christian work. For several years Doctor Provine has been superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School, and in that work his ability as an organizer has been conspicuously manifested. The school is a model of practical and efficient organization.

It would seem that no better example could be found for young college men to emulate than Doctor Provine. He is averse to sham and deceit, a lover of system and businesslike methods, ready with counsel to the students under his instruction, and unsparing in time and energy, frank with others and open to suggestion, versatile in abilities and democratic in his tastes. In him is an example of the splendid citizen, the forceful teacher, and the exemplary Christian gentleman.



Algernon Jasper Aven, B. A., M. A.

Professor of Latin



AD he been born in the time when the ancient bards sang their lays, accompanied by the lyre, he would have sung sweeter than them all. Had he lived in the days of Catullus or Virgil or Ovid, to the poetry of the Latins would have been added rich gems of thought and rhythm. Had he lived when the blood of our savage ancestors moved to wild and passionate poetry and yet wilder, more daring deeds, his voice would have been heard above the din, gentle and restraining, its ring of truth and sincerity calling men back to the good, the beautiful, the true.

For Algernon Jasper Aven rises above time and place and age; he would have been what he is any time, anywhere. Yet are we immeasurably glad that his lot has been cast, not in the past, but in the present, when the world, surfeited with song and poetry and daring deeds, stands in sore need of something infinitely better—pure, noble, unselfish, manly lives.

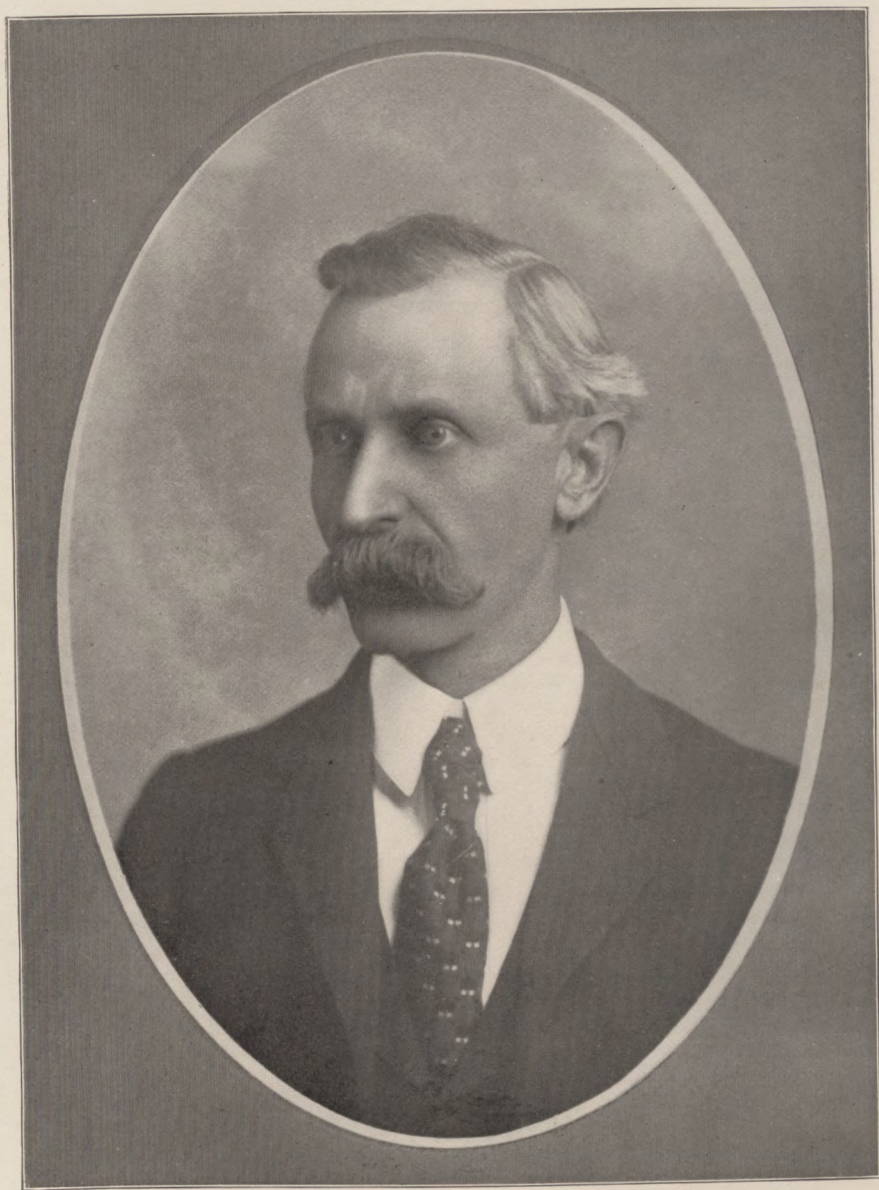
However, there had to be a time and place—August 25, 1858, near Graysport, Grenada County, Mississippi, the third child of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Aven. His early education was in the rural schools of that county, and in 1880 he entered the University of Mississippi, from which he was graduated in 1884 with B. A. degree, fourth in a class of sixteen, and was member of the Delta Psi fraternity. He then immediately began teaching. From 1884 to 1885 he was principal of Cole's Creek Academy; principal Winona Male Academy 1885-89; came to Mississippi College in 1889, where he filled the chair of English till 1890, when, at his own request, he was transferred to the chair of Latin. He was also instructor in French during this time. A year's work in the University of Chicago, 1894-95, gave him his Master's degree.

February 24, 1887, he was married to Miss Mary Catherine Bailey, of Winona, Mississippi, to whom he owes the inspiration and happiness of his service in all his work.

Professor Aven fulfills the measure of a *man*. True, he is neither so rich nor so famous as he deserves to be. An aspirant for fame of any sort he is not. But there are many who know him and wish that others did, and all who know him are better for the acquaintance. If it be the measure of a man to know a noble purpose, to pursue it, to embody it, and so inspire others with it, this is he. Not many aims, but one he holds, that other lives may be richer, better, fuller, gladder by his own. Ask the boys for a model of courtly kindness, and where the treasure-house of friendship is, and you will hear a chorus that sounds like "Ajax!" Ask many of them who gave them a word of greeting at a critical time, who came to them when their souls were in the throes of travail and they needed someone to guide them to the real meaning of life and how to join this life to the next and make them one, who led them to the light when they were in darkness and brought brightness out of confusion, and memory kindles a new sense of gratitude, and with voice subdued to be the vehicle of most sacred experience they refer you to Prof. Aven.

Tall enough to command attention anywhere, handsome enough to make a favorable impression, unselfish enough to preserve it, conscientious enough to make good use of it, and faithful in the performance of the duties of friendship and his office, may his character be reproduced in many brought into the circle of his influence. Already having the record of the longest continuous service in the College, may he continue all his days "the noblest Roman of them all"!

"Poet, more poet for beauty than for fame;
Sage for the sake of being not for seeming wise;
Preacher of truth, and not of praise nor blame;
Critic, whose law inspires as well as tries—
You, who have deepened and enlarged your day,
You shall remain when it has passed away."



Pat Henry Eager, A. B., M. A.

Professor of English and Literature

AMONG its noble and brave Baptist ministers in the pioneer days of Mississippi, Rev. Dr. E. C. Eager, father of Pat Henry Eager, takes a place as one of the truest and strongest, both as a preacher and as a citizen. To him, as a man, characterized by simplicity of living and steadfastness of purpose and service, perhaps no encomium could be more pleasing than to say that his children have all become most worthy sons and daughters of their father. And so, when we seek for the foundation upon which is built the success and great worthiness of Prof. Eager, we find it in the heritage of such a father and such a mother as were his.

A high ideal is the groundwork on which all the noble qualities as a student are built. To awaken a high ideal, to foster it, to enlarge it, and broaden it, and to make it so strong that it will itself arouse every latent energy in the man, is, perhaps, the greatest work of an educational leader. Some men are great teachers because they have the power to incite this high ideal, whatever the subject matter in hand may be; but some branches of instruction in a college curriculum afford greater opportunity and lend themselves more readily to awakening and fostering the ideal, and of these none offers greater opportunity than our mother tongue.

Happily, in Mississippi College a great teacher and this most prolific subject are combined. Prof. Eager is an unexcelled teacher of our world-wide parent speech. Perhaps no teacher in the College—indeed, few anywhere—does more to create this high ideal in his own department, and, incidentally, all others, than he. He does it in part by laying emphasis on the value of English in every conceivable sphere and activity of life. “Young men, you need to use good English in every phase of life—you need to express yourselves well in good, forceful English wherever you are, and whatever you do.” This is practically the text of his first lecture to his Sophomores, and the spirit of the last to his Seniors. Few, indeed, are the boys, even those much inclined to indifference, that he does not reach.

Professor Eager, possessing the tact of a good teacher, has prepared himself well for the position he holds. Starting out in the College work in the department of mathematics, after several years of splendid teaching in several academies, he has held since the presidency of two colleges and filled the chair of Psychology and Ethics of our State University. Eleven years ago he was called back to his alma mater from Baylor College, Texas, to fill the chair of English.

In his higher classes he strives to give men a wide view of the subject. He presupposes a thorough knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, and sentence-building, and working from this hypothesis he accepts no excuse for previous lack of preparation.


No man possesses a kindlier disposition, no man has a greater spirit of forbearance, and none a greater regard for diversity of opinion. But alas for that boy, who, having read a dozen pages of Thackeray, sets himself up as a judge unfavorable! His teacher, at other times mild, shows the other side of his character, and in a moment he becomes a perfect whirlwind of denunciation, and shows unmistakably that he will not countenance hasty and immature expressions.

Prof. Eager's habit of thought is that of a thorough scholar, his address and bearing is that of a cultured gentleman, his life is the exemplification of every Christian virtue. His home life and the spirit and influence of his home is ideal, made so no more by him than by his charming and cultured wife, who calls him “My Lord,” which is her naive way of paying tribute to his many manly virtues and his exalted admiration for her.



James Madison Sharp, B. A.

Professor of Mathematics

AMES MADISON SHARP was born Dec. 28, 1851, near Liberty, Amite County, Mississippi. His early education and preparation for college was in the private schools at Summit, Mississippi, and he was graduated by the University of Mississippi in 1875, with B. A. degree.

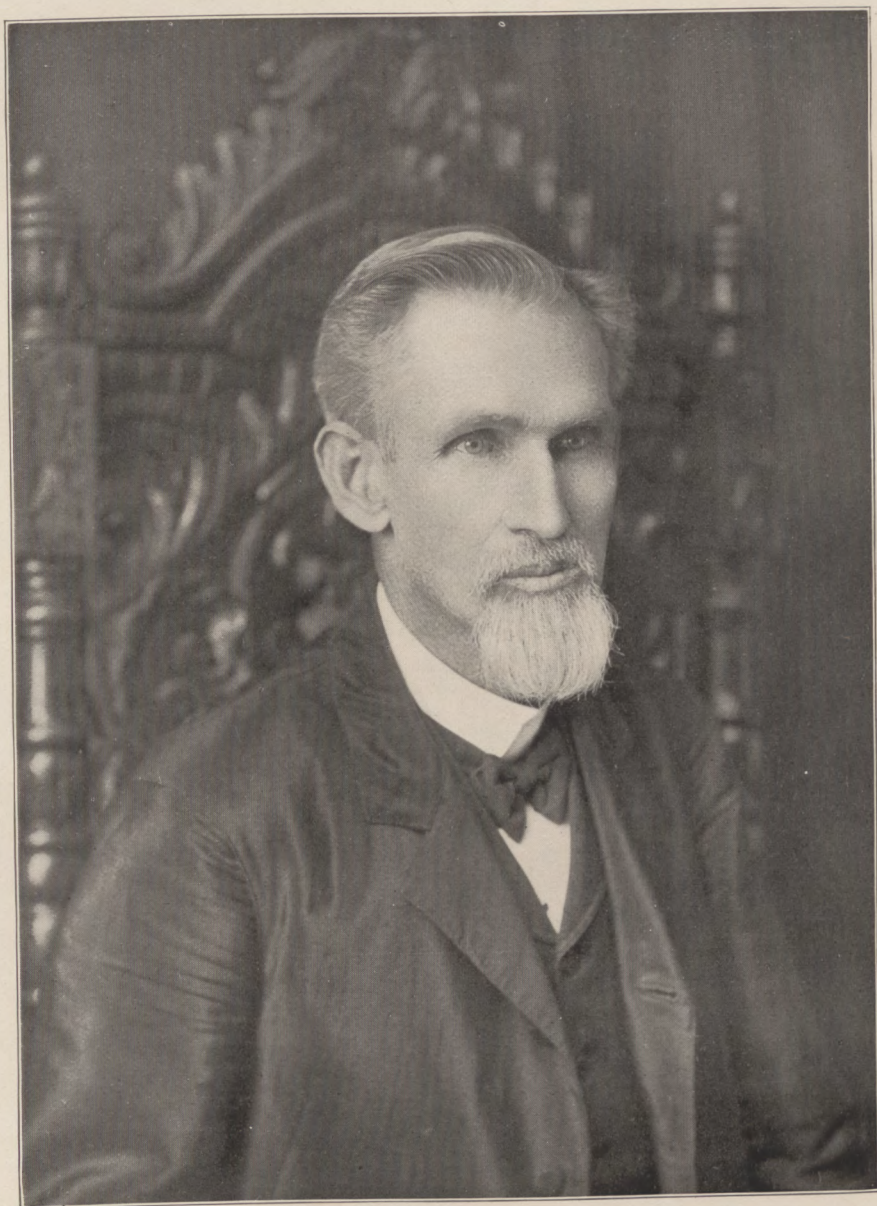
To see his place of highest usefulness in the world, and then, with unselfish singleness of purpose, to fill that place, is the underlying characteristic of every truly great man. Possessing the qualities of the born teacher and realizing the great need of earnest men in this field of endeavor, Prof. Sharp decided soon after his graduation to make this his life work. As a student he had distinguished himself as a careful, conscientious, accurate scholar, and was honored and respected by all who knew him. As a teacher all these admirable qualities, both of scholarship and of personality, were developed and enlarged, and as he grew in age and experience, so also he grew in usefulness, in the graces of Christian manhood, in broad, sympathetic character, and in capacity for service.

In the field of teaching Prof. Sharp has had wide experience. His first work was as principal of Live Oak School, Colorado County, Texas, 1875-76; next, he was first assistant in Peabody School, Summit, Miss., 1876-77; following this, he was principal of McCarthy and Jefferson schools, New Orleans, La., 1877-80; principal of McComb City High School, 1880-82; principal of preparatory and commercial schools, Mississippi College, 1882-90; principal of Capital Commercial College, 1890-93; head of department of mathematics in Mississippi College since that time.

This wide experience, together with peculiar natural aptitude, has fitted him to fill with eminent success the position he now occupies. He is an indefatigable worker, a born mathematician, an excellent judge of human and boy nature, and is capable of getting as much good, hard work from his students as any man that ever entered a classroom. His interest in his work never flags, and woe unto the boy who ever lets his do so! "It were better that a millstone—" etc. Has only three hobbies: long lessons, whiskers and slanderous maltreatment of the last letter of the alphabet, from which he gets the endearing appellation "Zed."

Prof. Sharp was married Nov. 20, 1878, to Miss Emma N. Quinn, daughter of the late Hon. Judge James B. Quinn, of Summit, Mississippi. His has been a life of perfect domestic happiness, for, as he is a man distinguished among many, no less is his wife a true, noble, womanly woman, always helpful, always inspiring, beloved of all within the circle of her acquaintance.

Prof. Sharp is still in the prime of his vigorous manhood, with a bright future of many years of usefulness before him. His plans for ever increasingly greater work are thoroughly in keeping with the growth and enlargement of Mississippi College and as a teacher, as a man, as a citizen, and as a force for the development of strong manhood among those thrown in touch with him, his worth is immeasurable to this institution.



Henry Franklin Sproles, D. D.

Professor of Bible and Instructor in Psychology and Ethics



IN a modest farmhouse situated on a beautiful elevation gently rising upward from the delightful little valley whence come bubbling and sparkling the waters of the famous Castalian Spring, was born, sixty-three years ago, the subject of this sketch.

Had there been present one gifted with prophetic eye, he would have seen in the face of that man child the miniature of the soldier, the preacher, *the teacher*, THE MAN.

Owing to youth and physical weakness, in 1862 he was counted unfit for army duty, but by sufferance he was allowed to go with the forces, and was given the privilege of using one of the guns in Wofford's battery. He was not in the war, and yet he was not out, until, at Blakely, April 5, 1865, he was "shot out." However, he stood faithfully behind his gun, and in every action proved himself as brave a gunner as ever touched spark to fuse. His gallant conduct and accurate aim always elicited from his superiors encomiums the most extravagant.

Though men are apt to recognize true merit, God infinitely more. So with young Sproles. While still battling in behalf of his native Southland he was impressed by the Holy Spirit that there was needed another recruiting officer in the great army of King Immanuel.

It sometimes seems that "Providence has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end," for soon after Mr. Sproles had decided to enter the ministry, he was severely wounded in the mouth, resulting in the entire loss of the lower jaw, together with part of the tongue. However, Mr. Sproles never once relinquished his purpose to preach the Gospel. But could a man maimed as he was speak in public? The call was God's, it was his to obey. With this thought he began his preparation with unwavering faith in divine guidance and that "a man accustomed to work was equal to any achievement." After spending three sessions in the Seminary, during which he supplemented his incomplete academic course by private study, in 1870 he returned, bearing his diploma, to enter upon pastoral duties at Carrollton, where he labored so diligently for nine years that one would think that he was trying to prove that, "In all human action those faculties will be strong which are used."

In all his previous life he labored in the belief that "he who has acquired the ability, may wait securely the occasion of making it felt and appreciated." His call to the Jackson church, in 1880, was such an occasion, and, during his stay here of about a score of years, he never lost sight of the fact that work is victory, and few ministers have held a warmer place in the affections of his immediate congregation, or claimed a higher esteem of his community at large.

From Jackson he moved to Vicksburg, and soon won to himself the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. In 1905 he came to the College, where he is greatly esteemed and sincerely beloved, because of his conscientious care, accuracy, scholarship and sympathy.

He has been for more than twenty years on the Seminary board of trustees; was as many years on the College board; for many years has been president of the Convention board, and was for three years president of the State Baptist convention.



Murray Latimer, B. S., B. A., M. A.

Professor of Greek



Of all the characteristics of human nature there is none finer than determination. It is the very lifeblood of success. It is the golden key of the universe, unlocking all difficulties; and before true determination, properly directed, obstacles and hindrances fade, and to its possessor there comes the reward of intelligence, and art, and culture, and virtue, and noble impulse.

Determination, buttressed by ambition and unrelenting industry, has been the mark of Murray Latimer from his early childhood to the present, and to him in large measure have come and are still coming its rich rewards. To know something of the details of his history and then to know him now is all-sufficient.

He was born May 8, 1872, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Latimer, in Copiah County, Miss., ten miles west of Crystal Springs. At the age of four he began his education at the public school about a mile from his home. The first schoolhouse in his experience was a pine pole cabin, about sixteen feet square, with a stick and dirt chimney, weather-boarded, and in the cracks on the inside the fifty or more pupils placed their few and ragged books. When he was fourteen years old the schoolhouse was burned, and he thereafter walked four miles to the nearest school every day of the four months' winter term. To this splendid exercise may be attributed his robust health and fine constitution.

His work in the public schools was principally reviews, going over and over the same ground, so that when he came to Mississippi College at the age of twenty he was only prepared to enter the Senior Preparatory Department. This he did in the fall of '92, coming to Clinton with \$50.00, and spending less than \$50.00 more during the session.

The second session cost him \$92.00, and the third \$76.34, including all expenses from the day he left home until his return.

During his first two vacations he taught a five-weeks school near his home, and put in the remainder of the time in hard day-labor. His third and fourth vacations were spent in teaching in Lincoln County, for which work he received \$30.00 a month, and paid \$5.00 board. Working his way in this manner he was graduated in the class of '96, taking the B. S. and B. A. degrees and carrying off first honors. While in college, he was a member of the Invincibles, and also of the Philomathean Society, being Fall Orator in '94, and Anniversarian in his Senior year. The summer following his graduation he taught the first summer school ever taught at Mississippi College, and the next fall he began work in his alma mater as Fellow in the Scientific Department. The same session he obtained his M. A. degree, taking chemistry as a major, and physics and geology as minors. The three vacations following his graduation were spent in postgraduate work at the University of Chicago.

The next year some of the Greek classes were added to his Scientific work, and two years later he was elected head of the Department of Greek.

On June 3, 1900, he was married to Miss Myrtle Webb, the youngest daughter of ex-President Webb of Mississippi College.

Prof. Latimer has been one of the active factors in the development of the town of Clinton, and is now serving his second term as Mayor.

As a teacher of Greek he is almost without an equal, and embodies the spirit of the work in all its fineness and interest. He is in every capacity a splendid example of that high type of manhood which forces its way over difficulties and obstacles to the goal of success.



George Henry Brunson, B. A., M. A.

Professor of History



GEORGE HENRY BRUNSON, son of William Lawrence Brunson and Margaret Davis, was born and reared in Clarke County, Miss., not far from Meridian. Having finished the public school course of his county and having attended the high school at Pleasant Hill, he entered Mississippi College in 1891 and was graduated in 1894 as second honor man in a class which numbered among its members such scholars as Dr. Hillman Brough, Nelson Webb, and Rev. George Butler. While in College he was a faithful member of the Philomathean Society, and received the honor of being selected Fall Orator. Among other distinctions he was awarded the Senior essay medal.

Immediately upon his graduation he was elected principal of the Hebron High School, following Dr. Frank W. Riley, now of the State University. Here Prof. Brunson served four years, adding to the reputation of an institution which had been placed in the front rank of high schools by his scholarly predecessor. During his incumbency at Hebron an event occurred which was destined to be of great value to him in the attainment of that high position in educational affairs which his ambition had already marked. This was his marriage in 1897 to Miss Bessie Chandler, the charming daughter of Mr. Leo Chandler of Moss Point, and a graduate of Blue Mountain Female College.

In 1898 Prof. Brunson removed to Lexington to take charge of the high school there, and in the fall of '99 his alma mater called him to the head of the Preparatory Department. During this session he was awarded the degree of M. A., and in the spring of 1900 was elected to fill the chair of History. The following year, however, he spent at the University of Chicago, on leave of absence, taking the Master's degree, and it was not until the fall of 1901 that he assumed charge of the Department of History.

This department he has made second to that of no southern college, bringing to the task the conscientious thoroughness which characterized his student days, and the rare aptitude for original research which has developed in maturer years.

In this broad field Prof. Brunson has become far more than a mere teacher of history. He has invested his work with much more than the technical, aiding his students to broad catholic interests, assisting them to independent thought and training them to careful, scholarly views. With him the individual is of utmost importance, and all his work is permeated with the atmosphere of culture—"the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit."

Prof. Brunson takes a warm interest in every department of the College life, and especially in athletics. Besides being a tennis player of no mean repute, he is president of the Athletic Council and Faculty Superintendent of Athletics. To him, perhaps more than to any other, is due the high standard of athletics in Mississippi College, and he gives of his time and service without stint that this high standard may be maintained.



John Lipscomb Johnson, Jr., B. S., M. A.

Professor Modern Languages and Physical Sciences.

JOHNS LIPSCOMB JOHNSON, Jr., son of Dr. John L., and Julia Anna Johnson, was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., August 9, 1869. His father having come to Mississippi in 1873, the early education of Mr. Johnson was obtained in this state, and in 1884 he entered the University of Mississippi, from which he was graduated with third honors. As a student of this institution he distinguished himself in more ways than one. An enthusiast in the field of athletics, he was for four years captain and manager of the University baseball team, and was also president of the Varsity League. Besides this, he was salutatorian for his class, member of Chi Psi fraternity, and served one year after graduation as tutor in mathematics.

Significant, perhaps, of the variety and versatility of the man is the fact that he was born in Virginia, educated in Mississippi, and married in Georgia. He has done a little of almost everything, and, in all he undertook, has done it well. While, of course, the field of teaching is the one in which he is best known and has most distinguished himself, he has had experience as a baseball player, both amateur and professional, has studied and practiced law, was for some time editor of a daily newspaper, and has taught in almost every capacity of an instructor.

Prof. Johnson is, primarily, a teacher. His habitual attitude is characterized by the essential qualifications of the successful instructor. Himself thorough and accurate in his work, he demands the same of the members of his classes, at the same time infusing into the work an interest and variety that takes from it almost all its drudgery. To his requirements much of forcefulness is lent by his thoughtfulness and consideration of others, as well as by his quiet and unassuming address.

Soon after his graduation from Mississippi University Prof. Johnson went to Georgia, where he remained until 1900. During this time he held many high positions as teacher, and, among other things, was member of Board of Visitors, University of Georgia. In 1900 he returned to Mississippi to accept a position as vice-president of Hillman College, of which his father was then president. He was elected to presidency of Hillman in 1905, but resigned to accept his present position in 1906.

In his selection to fill the newly created chair of Modern Languages and Physical Sciences Mississippi College was indeed fortunate. His is a work the need of which has been greatly felt for a long time and no addition in recent years has added more to the efficiency of the College.

Prof. Johnson was married June 29, 1898, to Miss Sue Bell Moody, of Oglethorpe County, Georgia.



Porter W. Berry

Principal Preparatory Department



PORTER W. BERRY, Principal of the Preparatory Department of Mississippi College, and Assistant Professor of Mathematics, is a native of the town of Baldwin, Mississippi. His early education was obtained in his home town and at Booneville, after which he spent a year at Blue Mountain as a special student.

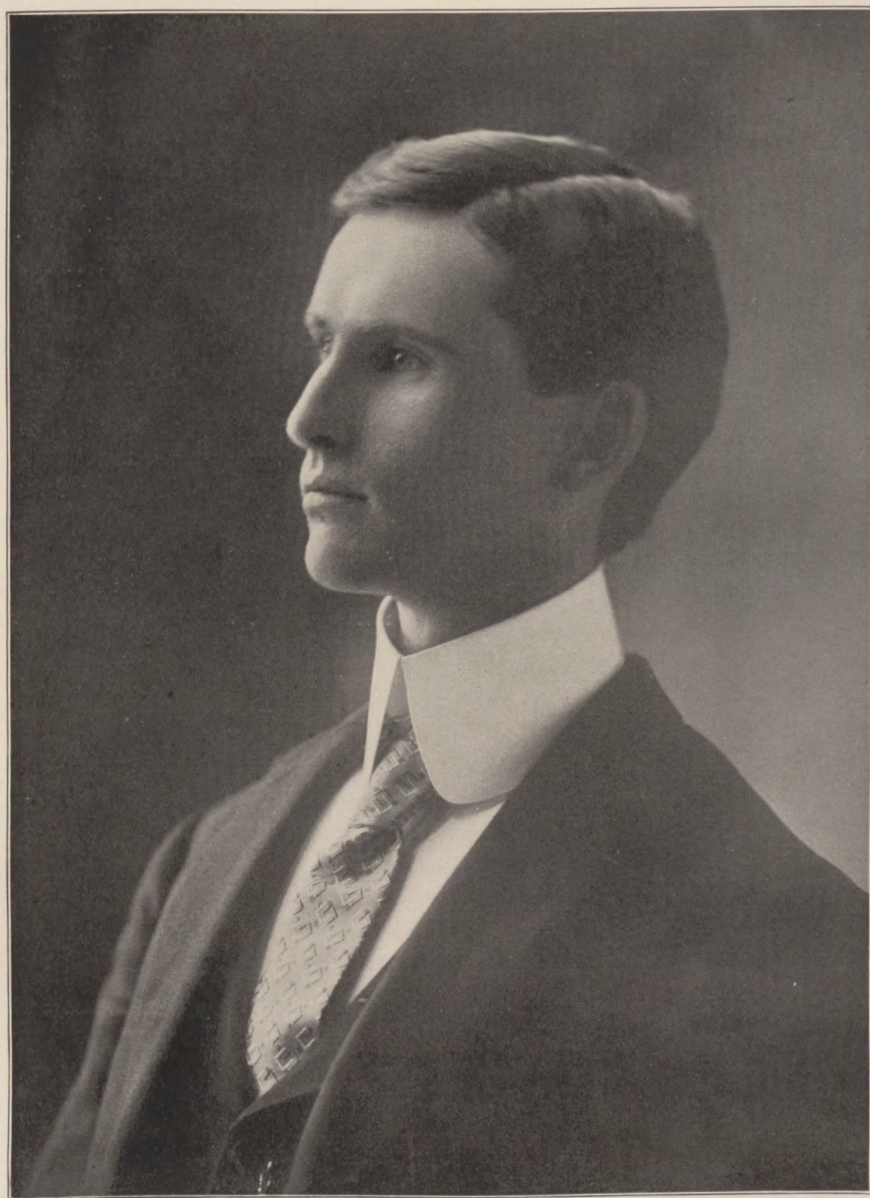
In the fall of 1898 he entered Mississippi College as a student and was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1901. In addition to his B. S. degree Prof. Berry completed the postgraduate work in economics and history and received the degree of Master of Arts.

While a student of Mississippi College he took great interest in his military company, his literary society, and the Hillman College girls. During his Senior year he was the first lieutenant of the Invincible Company.

Since his graduation Prof. Berry has been continuously engaged in teaching, having spent two years as the Principal of the Hickory High School, and three years in a similar position at Ackerman. The people at Ackerman were loath to part with him, having learned the value of his services as a teacher and his influence as a man.

The resignation of Prof. W. N. Taylor having made vacant the position of Principal of the Preparatory Department of Mississippi College, Prof. Berry was chosen to fill this place. He entered upon his duties at the beginning of the present session, and has shown himself to possess rare ability in this work.

Prof. Berry, when he left the people at Ackerman, took from them one of their chiefest treasures in the person of Miss Margaret Lucas, to whom he was married July 18, 1906.



Will H. Weathersby

Assistant Professor of English



THE subject of this sketch, Prof. W. H. Weathersby, was born in Covich County, Mississippi, September 30, 1879.

He received his early education in the rural schools of his native county. In 1897 he completed the course of study of the Wesson High School, and the following session entered the Sophomore Class of Mississippi College. His record there was exceptional. He was not only very popular with his fellow-students, but also was distinguished as a scholar, winning for himself the two highest honors of college life—Anniversarian of his society and first honor man of his class. In 1900 he was graduated with the degree of B. A. The following year he also received the degree of M. A. from Mississippi College.

After completing his education he entered the profession of teaching, and taught for one year at Tylertown and four years at Little Springs, Miss.

But the most eventful day of his life was August 30, 1905, when he was married to Miss Mary Conerly, one of Tylertown's most popular young ladies.

Prof. Weathersby is also known in the field of journalism. For one year, in connection with Mr. R. H. Butler, of Brookhaven, Miss., he was proprietor and editor of the "South Mississippian," and enjoys the distinction of being one of its founders.

In September, 1906, he leased his interest to Mr. Butler, in order to accept the position of assistant in English in the Faculty of Mississippi College. His work in this institution has been of a high order, such as assures for him wide recognition in future as an instructor.



Captain and Mrs. Z. D. Jennings



THE Jennings family of Water Valley, Mississippi, in donating \$20,000 for a memorial building on the campus of Mississippi College, have set an example most worthy to be followed by other people of means in our beloved State. Who will be the first to follow this beautiful example remains to be seen, but that others will follow it we have no doubt. Twenty years from today the Jennings Memorial Building will not be the only memorial building on our campus. How vastly better than a marble monument is a memorial like this.

Capt. Z. D. Jennings was born at Farmington, Mo., December 22, 1840. He was third cousin to the famous Stonewall Jackson. When the war opened he was a student at Cape Girardeau, Mo. He quickly laid down his books and shouldered his gun. For a time he served under Gen. Price as a member of the Second Missouri Regiment. Later he commanded a company in Bedford Forrest's invincible command. During the war he made the acquaintance of Miss Charlotte T. Hale, to whom he was married soon after the surrender. We owe it to this happy connection that he spent his noble life in Mississippi. After a brief struggle with poverty, his industry, wisdom, and integrity brought him prosperity. He spent his life as a business-man. He was one of the most considerate of husbands, one of the most devoted of fathers, one of the most faithful of citizens and one of the humblest of Christians.

For several terms he served his city as mayor. He was always greatly interested in the educational and religious welfare of his community. He died at the age of sixty-four, beloved and honored by all who knew him.

Mrs. Z. D. Jennings, formerly Miss Charlotte Hale, was born near Water Valley, Mississippi, Sept. 2, 1847. At the age of eighteen she was married to the noble young soldier who became the great and good man described in the above lines. She had the great honor of training from infancy to manhood and womanhood three sons and three daughters. After the old-fashioned Bible ideal, she devoted her all to husband, children, home, church, the sick, and the poor. She found her happiness in service. Her house was the home of delightful old-time hospitality.

After her husband's death it was agreed between her and her six children that they would donate \$20,000 to erect a memorial building on the Mississippi College campus in memory of the husband and father whose faithful life had been merged into eternity. It was their desire to thus add to his usefulness and perpetuate it. Noble conception!

Mrs. Jennings lived a little less than two years after her husband's departure. After her death her children found a written request that out of the estate which she and her husband had gathered a home should be built for struggling girls in connection with Blue Mountain Female College.

These noble people had been great friends to the Baptist Orphanage at Jackson. Their hands had been most liberal in building it up and sustaining it. At three important institutions, therefore, their memory will be held forever precious; at the Baptist Orphanage, at Blue Mountain College, and at Mississippi College.

Ex-President Robert A. Venable

1891-95

IN viewing the history of Mississippi College, and in reckoning the forces that were most potent in the establishment of this institution upon its present firm footing, it is found that Dr. R. A. Venable, during the four years of his presidency, accomplished a work the effects of which are still manifest in the onward progress of the College. He proved himself to be an educator thoroughly in harmony with those principles upon which the highest success is founded, and his work, not only then, but before that time, and since, has done much in the stimulating of higher Christian education in Mississippi.

Dr. Venable was born in Newton County, Ga., September 2, 1849. When about seven years old he moved with his parents to Ouachita County, Ark., where he resided until September, 1871, when he entered Mississippi College. Here he distinguished himself as a student, and was ordained in 1874 to preach. Two years later he was graduated with first honors of his class. For several years he devoted himself to the work of teaching, and in 1877 was married to Miss Fannie Webb, daughter of ex-president W. S. Webb. In the capacity, first of teacher and preacher, and later in the latter alone, he served many years thereafter. The resignation of the presidency of Mississippi College in 1891 by Dr. Webb made vacant this place, to which Dr. Venable was elected. For four years he administered the affairs of the College with eminent ability, resigning in 1895 to accept the pastorate of the First Church of Meridian, where he was pastor for eleven years. Having resigned this position in 1906, he preached as supply until January 1, 1907, when he removed to his county home near Meridian, and now preaches to churches at Newton, Chunkey, Heidelberg, and Poplar Springs.

Dr. Venable is a finished scholar, a fluent and eloquent speaker, and one of the most powerful of forces in Mississippi for the advancement of education.



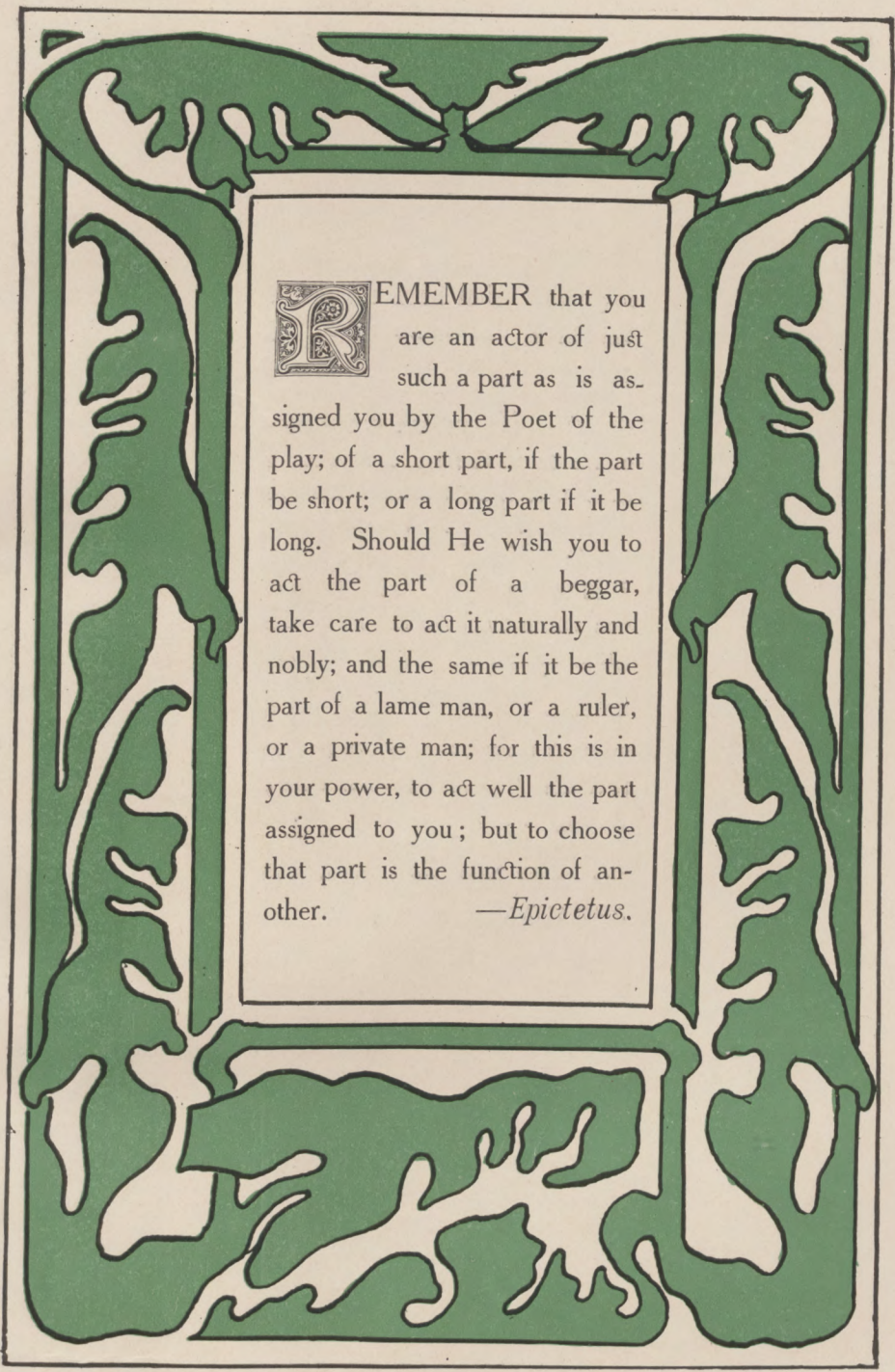
KENNETH G. PRICE, *Art Editor*

RICHMOND B. GUNTER, *Literary Editor*

PERRIN H. LOWREY, *Literary Editor*
GAINES S. DOBBINS, *Editor-in-Chief*

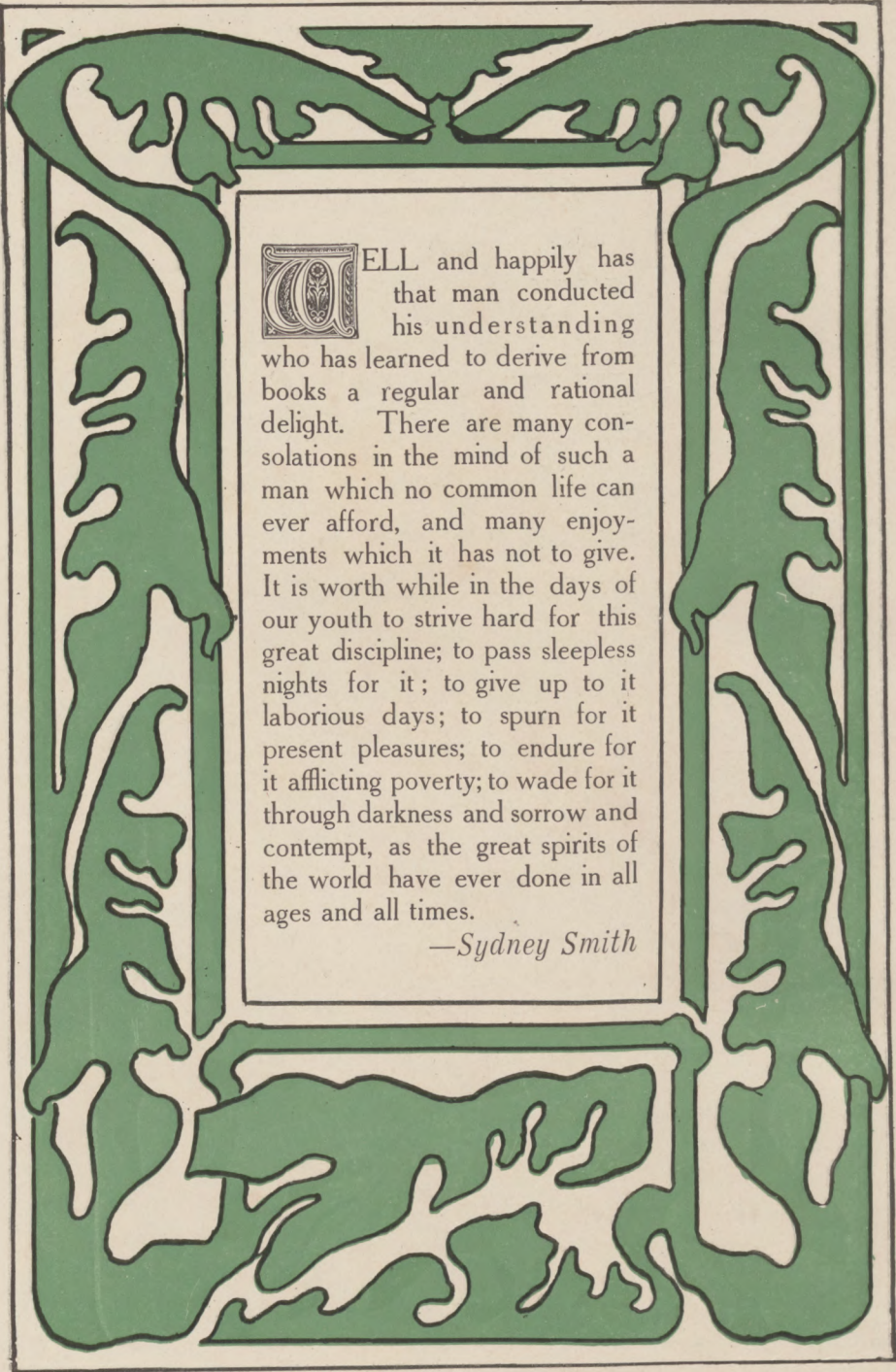
J. DECK STONE, *Business Manager*

BILLY S. GUYTON, *Business Manager*



REMEMBER that you are an actor of just such a part as is assigned you by the Poet of the play; of a short part, if the part be short; or a long part if it be long. Should He wish you to act the part of a beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly; and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a private man; for this is in your power, to act well the part assigned to you; but to choose that part is the function of another.

—*Epictetus.*



TELL and happily has that man conducted his understanding who has learned to derive from books a regular and rational delight. There are many consolations in the mind of such a man which no common life can ever afford, and many enjoyments which it has not to give. It is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up to it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness and sorrow and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have ever done in all ages and all times.

—Sydney Smith

'07



'06

Senior Class

Colors

Purple and White

Motto

ἡγούμεθα, δι' ἄλλοι ἔπονται

Officers

R. B. GUNTER, *President*

W. E. FARR, *Vice-President*

LUCIUS ARRINGTON, *Secretary*

EUGENE R. NOBLES, *Treasurer*

DOT M. NELSON, *Historian*

BAKER W. WALL, *Prophet*

WEBB BRAME, *Poet*

J. DEK STONE, *Orator*

W. H. CARDER, *Chaplain*

Senior History



HE day of miracles is still in the present. Water is not changed into wine, the blind are not made to see, the lame cannot take up their beds and walk, the dead are not aroused from their slumbers; but something more miraculous than all these has occurred in Clinton during the past four years. Thirty-five specimens of mammalian fauna, exceptionally muscular in body, but low in intelligence, have been transformed into *men*,—wise men—elegant and refined gentlemen.

In the fall of nineteen hundred and three there assembled in the college chapel the material out of which the present Senior Class was to be fashioned and formed. They were the awkwardest, gawkiest, greenest, commonest-looking set ever assembled together in one place and for one purpose.

The Faculty looked disheartened and discouraged; they thought they saw their end, but being encouraged by a faint hope, they discovered that they had in charge priceless diamonds, valuable jewels in the rough; that beneath the rugged,

uncouth, and ungraceful appearance of their Freshman boys lay dormant magnificent powers, wonderful faculties, and great possibilities of splendid manhood. Upon this discovery the Faculty began work in earnest, and what a vast difference between then and now!

The Class of 1907 is a very distinguished one; not because of their beauty, although some of them are beautiful; not because of their power and skill in winning hearts, although some have won them; not because of their learning, although some are learned; not because of their gifted oratory, although some are orators; but because of the principles for which they stand, of their firmness and readiness to act in the promotion of every righteous and just cause, of their connection with every movement relating to progress and advancement.

In the first place, we boast of the largest number that has ever survived the terrible onslaughts of "Zeus" and "Zed," though sometimes they charged with desperate fury, inflicting many wounds, and leaving our ranks depleted and our forces scattered. Yet thirty-five heroes have emerged from the conflict, trained and better prepared to fight the battles of life.

This class claims the distinction of being the first Senior Class to adopt the honor system in regard to examinations. Every man is considered an upright and honest gentleman until proven otherwise, and should one have betrayed the confidence and trust confided in him he surely would have felt the weight of a violent disapproval.

Each member has subscribed towards the erection of a museum as a memorial to the class. We look forward with pride that as we shall separate and travel in distant lands and other climes there will be to us the opportunity of sending back relics to our alma mater to be preserved in the building to be erected for that purpose and viewed by the countless number of pilgrims that are journeying on to the Mecca of their fondest hopes and dreams.

And now we have reached the goal of our past ambition, "we are finishing, only to begin." We soon will be out upon the firing line, arrayed in battle. Some of us will succeed, others will fail; some will conquer, others will be conquered; but the ideal which today lies within our hearts will have more to do in explaining our success or failure than the studies we have pursued.

Oh, may the life of each member of our class resemble a purifying stream, constantly pouring into the great sea of humanity, refreshing and giving life and vigor to the weary pilgrims who shall gather upon its brink!

HISTORIAN.

Senior Prophecy

IN appearing before the public in the capacity of prophet of the Class of '07 I feel that I am the bearer of glad tidings of great joy. I feel that I can throw back my shoulders, stick my thumbs in the arm-holes of my vest, and say, "Poor, suffering, benighted humanity, let not your soul be troubled. Take thine ease. All thy problems shall be solved, and that speedily. Ye shall be delivered from this life of toil and warfare unto one of rest and peace."

I can say to the Democrat, "The tariff laws shall be repealed."

I can say to the Republican, "The corporations shall be coddled."

I can say to the Socialist, "Ye shall have the rich man's money."

I can say to the Populist, "Every man in the nation shall carry a little brass image of Jefferson in his pocket."

I can say to the Prohibitionist, "We will drink up what booze we have on hand, and swear off—till we get sick."

I can say to the North, "All your children shall be Lincolns."

I can say to the South, "All your children shall be Lees."

I can say to the East, "Your manufactories shall prosper."

I can say to the West, "Ye shall find new veins of gold."

I can say to the white man, "Ye shall be monarch of all ye survey."

I can say to the black man, "Dey gwineter paint all de colored people white."

I make the above statements with the same confidence and assurance as the editor felt, who, when asked by a correspondent what was the matter with his hens when they turned over on their backs never to rise again, replied, "They are dead."

I did not get my information from some withered hag or tattooed fortune-teller; neither did I see visions of it while in a trance—though I sometimes engage in the trance business—but I got it by a simple process of pure reason. I do not profess any extraordinary powers along this line, either, for some of the brighter members of the Junior Class can make the deduction.

Have not the Seniors retained their mental balance and bodily health after hearing advice and jokes from the Faculty for four years? Have they not (been) drunk in the wisdom of countless chapel speeches? I shall cite no more reasons. I feel that these are sufficient grounds for knowing that all the prophecies I have made will come to pass. Nay, more, I make them as promises to the world.

Now, in conclusion, let me say, "Hear, all ye Sophomores! Give ear, all ye Freshmen! And hearken, all ye Preps in general! Let your gratitude go up that to you is granted the privilege not merely of seeing but of living among such men, and

be ye thankful that when ye meet them they are too gracious to require you to step aside and say, "'Scuse me for living."

Inscribe the words you have heard ineffaceably on the scroll of your memory; take the Class of '07 as your ideal; place your ambitions even up to the point of standing with them in understanding, and applying the theory and mechanism of the eternal deep as exemplified in the cosmogeny of the universe, and perhaps you, too, will some day in the far distant future stand on the platform, tell how in the day of Themistocles, when political economy was in its infancy, and the good old 'coon dog Socrates was chasing the truant 'possum across the city of Athens, and Pericles was still only a small purp, democratic principles were being expounded in the Parthenon.

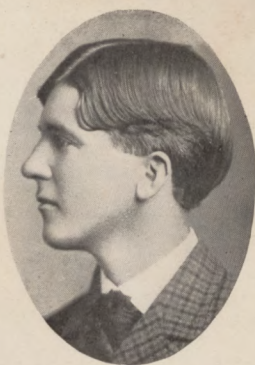
CLASS PROPHET.

Senior Poem



H that to poets and sages 'twere given
To sing of the Class of Nineteen and Seven!
That thus o'ershadowed with magic spell,
They of our fellows in measures could tell.
While merited deeds, though few of them told,
Hung as ornaments of virtue—apples of gold—
Are the future's index, as the years will unfold.
The Historian will write of the deeds of the past,
The Prophet will venture the future's forecast;
Yet do these efforts of pen and of thought
Reveal not the grandeur with which these are fraught,
For pen cannot compass the fruits to be ours,
And thought cannot fathom the scope of our powers.
On the surface now placid will pebbles be cast
Whose concentric waves will circle far past
To lands and to lines that the ages shall keep,
Till our power and strength shall have girdled the deep.
From the block of our lives the old sculptor Time
Will carve mighty futures in marble, not rhyme.
Look not to us hither, but to yonder sky,
Where the years' revolution is flashing on high.
Read, read, from the midst of the figures of flame,
The records of honor, the pictures of fame!
Look to the stars, bright shining in heaven,—
Less high than the aims of the Class of Naught-Seven!

CLASS POET.



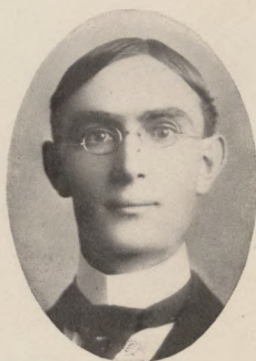
ARRINGTON, LUCIUS *Brookhaven*

Great men, it is said, are like tall trees—rough and rugged in the upper extremity. “Lucy” was born Sept. 1, 1884, near Brookhaven, Miss., and after finishing the free school course, entered Mississippi College in 1903. Since his arrival he has spent the greater part of his time industriously climbing the tree of knowledge, of the fruits of which he has freely partaken, as is evidenced by the fact that he is first honor man of his class. He leaves bearing the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and unless he meets some fair maiden with more nerve than he has, the probabilities are that a bachelor of matrimony he will remain. Philo.; Grinds. Act 2: Electrical Engineering.



BERRY, GARCIA GARFIELD, B. S. *Pinola*

To paint the lily, to refine pure gold—neither would be so absurd as to attempt a eulogy of him who is to your left. Fair of face, comely of form, gentle of voice, and a over of all the world and the inhabitants thereof—especially the babies. He graced Lincoln County with his first appearance, received the first beams of light at Braxton High School, and obtruded his fair physiognomy into M. C. in 1903. After adding an M. A. to his B. S., will attend Johns Hopkins and then grace the English chair of some famous institution of learning. Pres. Hermenians; Class Musician; incorrigible flirt.



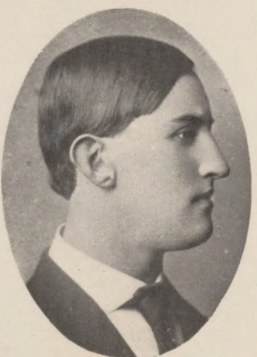
BRAME, WEBB, PH. B. *Hand*

This web was woven in Kemper County about 24 years ago. Five years in Mississippi College have wonderfully perfected and beautified it, and it is now capable not only of attracting but of retaining all the best and biggest things in life. Webb is a man we're proud of, as the following record testifies: Freshman medal, '04; Magazine Staff, '06-'07; Theological Orator, '06; Philo. First Orator, '07; Tennis Finals, '07. Future tense: Pipe organ and mission collections.



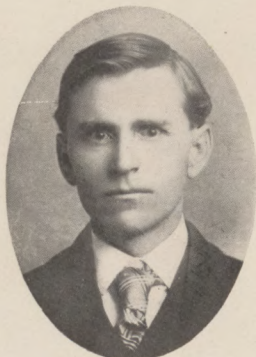
BRUMFIELD, VICTOR LESLIE, B. A. . *Mt. Point, La.*

The only reason that there is not much hope that Jan. 14, 1884—Brumfield's birthday—will some day be a national holiday is because it comes so soon after Christmas. For the oracle has announced that some day the world will halt in its mad career and gaze upon him with rapturous awe, and Mt. Point, La., is the spot he is destined to make famous. He entered Freshman, 1902, lost one year, and gets his dip this year as B. A. Medal best drilled Cadet, '03-'04; Capt. Military Company, '05-'06; First Lieut. '07; Hermeanian Second Orator, '07. Expects to be the greatest lawyer since Blackstone.



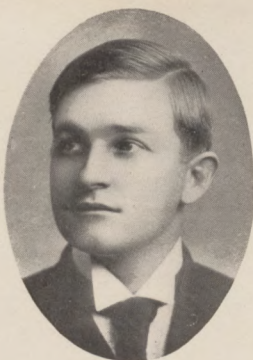
BURGIN, DANIEL AUGUSTUS, JR., B. A. . *Mayhew*

Prof. B. (calling roll)—"Mr. Burgin, you have 12 absences." Burgin (a deep red flush pervading his face as he carefully lays aside his newspaper)—"S-i-c-k." Mayhew, in Lowndes, has the distinction of being the birthplace of Daughter. After absorbing the contents of the curriculum of Mayhew High School, he entered Mississippi College in 1903. He is in search of B. A., after which he will study commercial law and be a banker.



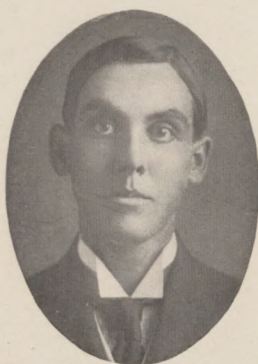
CARDER, WILLIAM HENRY, PH. B. . . *Enid*

Willie is the only man in our class who can claim the distinction of having attended Mississippi College part of two centuries. While flying through the air in search of a desirable place the stork let him drop in Tallahatchie County, Feb. 1, 1873. Later, desirous of a broader field for the development of his abnormal powers, he moved to Texas. Entered M. C. 1896. Four years later became involved in matrimony, returning to school in 1905. Moses was eighty years preparing for his life work, so for Carder we predict great success in the ministry of the Lord.



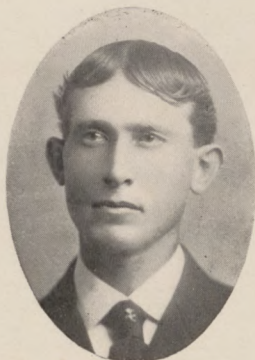
CAROTHERS, WILLIE HUGH, B. S. . . . *Indianola*

This personage with the prænomen Willie, the cognomen Carothers, and the nicknomen "Chop-Suey," won the belt for lightweight championship in nocturnal lamentations about Jan. 3, 1888. As he passed through the Indianola High School he outgrew the belt and joined the Stoics. On entering M. C. three years ago he made a speciality of writing his autograph, and has almost perfected the art. Prés. Chess Club, '07; Capt. Track Team, '07; Varsity Football, '07; Lieut. Rifles, '05. Will enter Poughkeepsie next year. Act. II, Scene I: Cotton and Banking.



CUPIT, JOHN THOMAS, B. A. . . . *Clinton*

When Cupit was yet in his infancy he always deliberated maturely before voicing his sentiments in a vociferous yell, but, once he did get started, he made a job of it that would have put the Clinton Laundry whistle to shame. This characteristic he further developed as a student of Union High School, and has brought to perfection during his stay at M. C. They call him Fate, because he's so sure. He may be enticed to attend the alumni banquet, after which the trials of the teacher for him.



DENSON, CHARLES HACKETT, B. S. . . . *Ludlow*

Aug. 26, 1885, was an awfully hot day in Tuscola, Miss., and the subject of our torture is an awful warm proposition accordingly. He learned to play bawl 22 years ago, and if he should take a notion he could be one of the wearers of the "M" now. He first learned to break the rules at Harpersville public school and then added to his proficiency at the Ludlow High School. Spent a year evening up scores by teaching at Ludlow, then entered M. C. in 1905. Vice-Pres. Hermenians, '07; Lieutenant Rifles, '07. Next year he will instruct the youth, after which the law gets another addition.



DRAUGHN, DUNCAN W., B. S. *Petal*

Tradition has it that a short time after "Big Un" had made his début into this vale of tears he masticated the whole of a Webster's Pocket Dictionary. He has evidently been trying to digest it ever since. But while Draughn is old and full of words, he is also a doer of things. Was born a Hermeanian in Perry County, 1883. Besides many other capacities, serves this year as Anniversarian; Manager Tennis Club; Avoirdupois Club; Bar Assn.; Hattiesburg Club. By him in the future the criminal will be hounded, jurors persuaded, and justice meted to all.



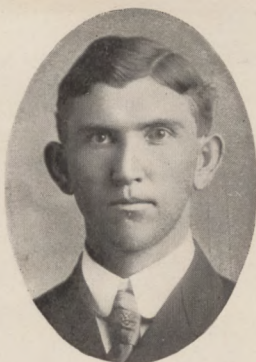
EDMONDS, NEWTON ANDREW, B. A. *Engine*

His home is at Engine, Miss., but, strange paradox, he never saw a train till he came to Mississippi College. This broad-shouldered specimen from Newton County was born about 2,100 years after the second Punic War. Historians differ as to the exact date. Shortly afterwards he entered the Prep. department of M. C., and, as is easily seen, he is a sticker. Five years have completed the metamorphosis. Third Orator Theologs, '06, and First Orator at 'Stute receptions for five years. After two years in the Seminary will enter the pulpit for a noble life work.



FARR, WILLIAM E., PH. B. *Meridian*

Authority in Ancient History by actual experience. Time and place of birth being mere conjecture, can only state that his present home is in Meridian. Shortly after the flood he entered M. C. as Prep. The mystery is still unsolved as to how he ever got married; most admirable thing about him is his better half. Bus. Mgr. Magazine, '04; Second Orator Theologs, '04; Hewitt Medal, '04; Trotter Medal, '06; Chaplain Rifles, '07; Anniversarian Theologs, '07. In the future, as now, sky-pilot.



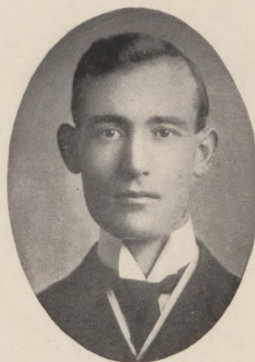
FERGUSON, ALTON EARL, B. A . . . *Walnut Grove*

An earl is always royal, and this one is an especially royal fellow. His estate is at Walnut Grove, Miss., from which he had never wandered till he set out on his crusade to Mississippi College, and although he is 28 years of antiquity he is still in search of a countess to carry back to the castle of his fathers. Chief characteristic is gracefulness, and is a living model of the Grecian bend, with a gait like a goddess. Pres. Hermenians, '06; Book Committee, '06; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '06. Will disseminate the light of learning to benighted youth.



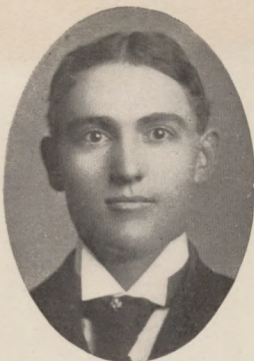
FLEMING, TUCKER YOUNG, B. S. . . . *Durant*

"T-Y-ty." By his modesty ye shall know him. A wearer of trousers, though in him will be found all maidenly virtues and graces. The inhabitants of Attala County were made glad by his appearance Nov. 10, 1887. His Durant High School training only served as an incentive to learning, and since entering M. C. in 1903 he has fulfilled the promise of his youth. Local Editor Mag. Staff, '05-'06; Hermenian Second Orator, '06. Expects to extend his study with a view to curing all human ills.



GUNTER, RICHMOND BAKER, PH. B. . . . *Madden*

As timid as a girl about his age, hence we will say he is "sweet sixteen." He learned to walk before he could crawl, and has been growing straight up ever since. He is long, lean, lank, listless-looking, and wears the grin that won't come off. His rudimentary school work in the Walnut Grove High School was thorough, and he has not lowered the standard during his three years work in M. C. Annual Board, '07; First Orator Hermenian Anniversary, '07; Pres. Senior Class, '07. Epilogue: Canto I, Matrimony; Canto 2, Medicine-Man.



HEWITT, BRYANT JEFFERSON, PH. B. . . . *Summitt*

Sometime in the eighties, in the pine shades of Amite County, this hefty Senior smote the earth with his presence. His days of ruddy youth were spent in the village of Smithdale, where he received preparation for college. By careful guidance of the conductor he succeeded in reaching Clinton safely in 1903. Was out one year and finishes this term with a Ph. B., everybody's friendship, and many honors. Receives his chiefest delight from Senior novels; also exceedingly proficient in describing the joys of poetry. After a medical course, as an M. D. he will doubtless win fame and fortune answering anti-race-suicide hurry calls.



JONES, JAMES CAREY, B. S. . . . *Little Springs*

"Switch-Engine." "Killibugger." The only one of its kind in captivity. Claimed to have been captured on the banks of the Congo. Said by some to be Darwin's missing link. Careful research reveals that he was born one windy morning in March, 1883, in Franklin County, thirty miles from a railroad, five miles from a dirt road, and three miles from a hog-path. First degrees of civilization at Little Springs. M. C. has done the rest. Philos rejoiced as he delivered his address as Second Orator on Anniversary ticket. Football, '06; Avoirdupois; Orchestra; Bar Assn.



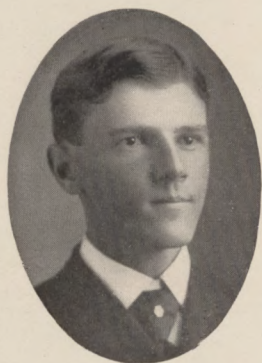
KENNA, JAMES MURRAY, B. A. . . . *Summitt*

When Kenna arrived in Clinton in the fall of '02 the assembled crowd of 'Stute girls caught their breath in a little ecstatic gasp. As a baby he was called "cute," and the girls still think he hasn't outgrown it. Kenna is one of the most valuable and substantial men we've ever had. A hard student, and always ready when called on. Delegate Student Volunteer Convention, Nashville, '06; Member Intercollegiate Missionary Committee, '06-'07; Chairman Mission Study Y. M. C. A., '07; Capt. Rifles, '07; Lyceum Committee, '05-'06-'07. The future: Unlimited success.



LANGSTON, J. Q., B. S. *Oak Vale*

"Lank" got his first whipping in Oak Vale, Miss. The next few hundred were applied in the public school, and standing on the floor with his face to the wall was his star work at Sons Academy. After escaping the bonds of Egypt he entered the land flowing with milk and molasses in '01. For three years he lived the life of the chosen, and then for two years got revenge by whipping kids like they used to lick him. Reentered M. C. this session. Herald Hermerian Anniversary, '07; Bar Assn.; Society political leader—all the time. Next? Ask the oracle.



MARBLE, EMMITT GERALD, B. S. *Lorman*

It does not require a large stature to contain a big heart, else Emmitt would be a giant. This little man was at one time an ardent admirer of the 'Stute. Suddenly it lost all charms for him, and people are wondering till this good day why it happened. The population of Jefferson County was increased by one Nov. 13, 1884. He drank at the educational springs there till they all ran dry. His thirst being still unquenched, he sought the fountain at M. C., where he has drunk his fill. Is destined to be a king of commerce.



MCCABE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, PH. B. *Vicksburg*

"Chorgie" is a gentleman of leisure. Motto: "God bless the man who first invented sleep." Instead of saving his country, the country is all that saved him. Was Chief Loud Noise in the Vicksburg High School for several decades, but was shipped by freight to M. C. in 1903. Entered as Senior Prep. and graduates with a Ph. B. as Prep. Senior. Specialties: Wind, weight, und das Deutsch. Avoirdupois; Bar Assn.; Chess Club; Gully League; Football, '07; Philo. In the afterglow: Will study law and then buck the line in the forum. Moral: He never told a lie.



McGEHEE, PHILIP EUGENE, B. S. . . . *Little Springs*

His Royal Tallness became heir-apparent to the throne May 1, 1887. Is the Beau Brummel of the finest type ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting world. "Dad's" winning smile and guileless disposition, together with his sweetly condescending nature, combine to explain his popularity, whereas his Napoleonic bearing would otherwise render him awe-inspiring. Took first honors in Little Spring High School and stands 29th in Class of '07. Our next issue will tell how he rescued the fair princess, slew the bloody dragon, and lived happy ever after as a banker and financier.



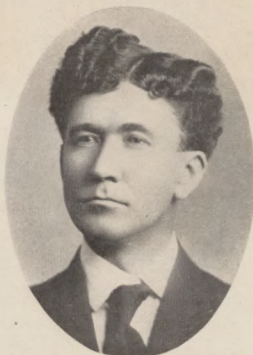
McKEE, BURNIE LEE, PH. B. . . . *Water Valley*

Gaze on the specimen to your left, gentle reader, and then try to realize how utterly impossible it is to comprehend in this small space the wonders revealed in that classic face. When Washington crossed the Delaware, McKee thrilled with joy, and when Lee surrendered he shed bitter tears, thus proving his patriotism as well as his present tender years. A man with a purpose, withal, and of unlimited capacity. His entrance into Mississippi College in 1902 assured to the world a minister of rare power and a mighty force for good.



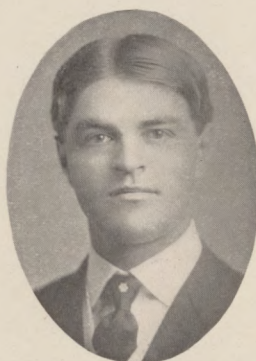
MAYFIELD, JOHN WILLIAM, B. A. . . . *Covington County*

"In peace," says the bard, "there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility." But for his radiant countenance and hard work you'd hardly know there was such a man in school. He first saw the light of day in Covington County, Sept. 3, 18—this detail, gentle reader, let us spare out of kindness. Suffice it to say that he entered M. C. in 1902, is an excellent student and a good husband, and bids fair to become a preacher after Dr. Sproles's own heart.



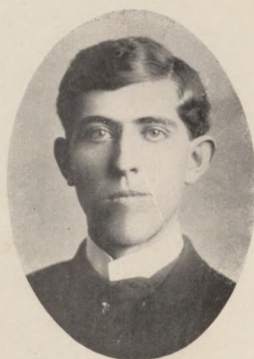
MILLER, ANCE EUGENE, B. S. . . . *Mount Olive*

"Scissors" is the wonder of the ages. A speaker of the brass cannon order. A lover of poetry and a criticizer of standard fiction. No wonder, though, that he is strange and mysterious, for he hails from the oddly-named county of Smith, which took a day off to celebrate his birth June 3, 1878. To him there is nothing more utterly abhorrent than the conventional, as is exemplified in his forensic eloquence in debate and on the chapel stage. The public schools of Smith County, and later the Poplarville, Columbia, and Bowling Green, Ky., high schools contributed to his vast fund of philosophical and scientific learning. Hereafter: "Hereafter."



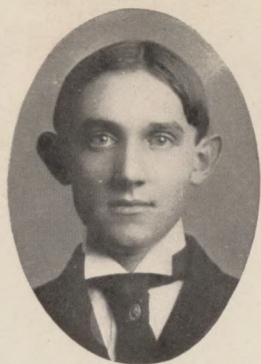
NELSON, D. M., B. S. . . . *Charleston*

The Fates consulted the calendar. "It is time," they said, "to give to the world another great man." Forthwith the stork flew forth and deposited Dot McGinnis Nelson at Charleston, Miss., some thirty years ago. One gave him tenacity, another eloquence, another courage, another philanthropy; but when another would have given him beauty a mistake was made and she gave him butt-headedness instead. Dot is one of the best all-round men in school, and is going to make the world feel his force. Whitworth Chautauqua, '06; Inter-Society Debate, '06; Mgr. Ball Team, '07; Secy. Sunday School, '06-07; Pres. Y. M. C. A., '07; Pres. B. Y. P. U., '07; Bar Assn. Hereafter: The specialty of the Medes and Persians.



NICHOLS, RAYMOND LAFAYETTE, B. S. . . . *Forest*

We pass it up. Words are inadequate. We can only say that this child of destiny was born Oct. 3, 1884. His peculiar style of beauty is attributed to the fact that his enormous amount of gray matter has expanded until it constantly threatens his face's existence, attempting to become all head. "Nick" is a law unto himself, and will ever remain so. He will become either a lawyer or a preacher.



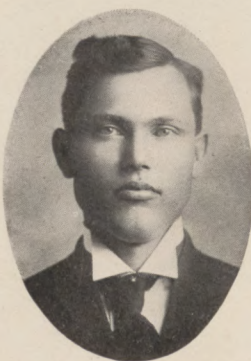
NOBLES, EUGENE RODMAN, B. S. . . . *Flora*

Eugene's first squall was emitted in November, 1889. He entered Mississippi College while still in his infancy, and has developed wonderful qualities as a student, as well as a pair of nether extremities that are the wonder and envy of all. 'Gene is so darn tall he dodges every time it thunders for fear of being mistaken for a lightning rod. He gets a B. S. in the spring, and by the time he is old enough to vote he expects to hang out his shingle and become the village undertaker's best friend.



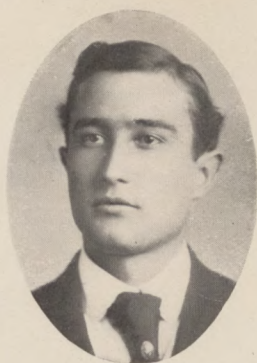
OUSLEY, JACOB A., B. A. . . . *Aberdeen*

"Deacon" is a gem of purest ray serene. He came to light in 1885, near Aberdeen, Miss., and received his preliminary polishing at the high school of that place. Entered Soph in M. C., and immediately took high rank (*rank* emphasized) in oratory by his graceful stage appearance and commanding delivery. His euphonious cognomen has been occasion for much lung exercise. Third Orator Theologs, '07; Pee-Wees; Honorary Member Prep. Dept.; Hopeless Freak. Vocation: Missionary to the North Pole.



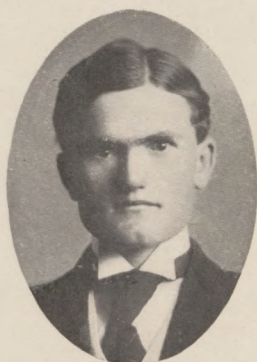
STONE, J. DEK, B. A. . . . *Poplar Creek*

This precious stone—a veritable Kohinoor in size, and of the first water—was found in Montgomery County. Inquiry fails to reveal the date. Its first polish was received at Poplar Creek and Nettleton, after which four years in M. C. have given it wondrous luster. Dek is the most popular man in school by long odds, and when he gets ready to leave, the Faculty and student body will take a day off to weep. Record: Soph. Oratorical Medal; Chautauqua Representative, '06; State Oratorical Contest, '07; Philo Fall Orator, '05; Bus. Mgr. Annual, '07; Bar Assn. The Future: Lawyer, governor, senator, president.



THOMPSON, JAMES REUBEN *Why Not*

When Reuben came to town he tried to conceal the fact that he was born in Arkansas, but murder will out. He received his youthful instruction in the public schools at Antioch (Syria) and Lake Como, Miss., and entered M. C. as Soph. Dope, cigarettes and buggy rides. Apollo Belvedere reincarnate. Hermenian Herald at the Anniversary, '06; Mag. Staff, '07; Turnage's roommate, '05, '06, '07. As a teacher, "Well may the boding tremblers learn to trace the day's disasters in the morning face."



TURNAGE, ALFRED HALL, B. A. *New Hebron*

Ablebodied Hermenian Turnage, commonly known as Ab, and claimed by some to be the last of the Dinosaurs, made his entrance on this mundane sphere Sept. 16, 1883. After the Hebron High School had done its worst for him he was sent to Mississippi College as a hopeless case. One year was all he could stand at a time, but reentered in 1904, and with steps commensurate with his lower appendages he is going after a B. A. Is noted for his graceful walk and extreme good looks. Mag. Staff, '07; Bar Assn. Expects to become a lawyer and revolutionize the world in this generation.



WALLACE, ROBERT LEE, B. S. *Beach*

A house destitute of valuables within certainly does not need any covering. Who, then, would question the wisdom of the Lord in bestowing on Bob such a magnificent head of hair? This lover and admirer of womankind sprang into existence amid the falling of the leaves one November evening in 1879. Scott county furnished his early education, the Harmony Baptist Institute at Lena, Miss., then took a fall out of him, after which, in 1904, he was granted permission to enter M. C. Hermenian; Inter-Society Debate. Would be a lawyer but for Ossie, who insists that he marry and become a school-teacher.



WARE, CHARLES NEWTON, B. S. . . . *Magee*

A long time ago there was a cute little infant with the dirt of Smith County on its face and the sand of Smith County in its eyes. But it didn't cry. This was the index to the character of a man who will cast his first ballot this year. He wears the smile indelible, and nothing can quicken his gait or rouse his anger. His complexion is the pride of his class. Pres. Junior Class; Mag. Staff, '07; Chess; Bar Assn.; headquarters, "the jint." After Alumni Banquet: Provider of Pink Pills for Pale People.



WILLS, JOHN WALTER, B. S. . . . *Brookhaven*

When Wills was still in his childhood innocence, he got caught out in a shower of rain, and, not realizing that water is moist, he let his head become wet, on account of which the wheels rusted. This accounts for his golden locks. Is noted for his spelling ability. His only weakness is love for the gentler insects. Eight chicken-crows east of Brookhaven is his birthplace; Nov. 6, 1883, the memorable date. The public schools of Lincoln County undertook his reformation, but to Mississippi College is due the credit for a finished job, with Prof. Sharp as the main factor. Expects to become a medical missionary and minister to the ills of the heathen.

That Senior Pipe Dream

The Senior lit his pipe,
And blew the smoke in the air;
His roommate turned with a gurgling sound
And vanished down the stair.

The microbes hid their heads
And wept in mute despair;
They prepared themselves for an awful death,
And silently murmured a prayer.

Never to wake again,
Lay the house-cat sleeping there,
As the Senior leisurely puffed at his pipe
And blew the smoke in the air.

With fiendish glee it writhed
As it floated here and there;
And the next-door neighbors snarled and swore
And madly tore their hair.

The Senior puffed his pipe
And blew the smoke in the air;
And many and strange were the visions he saw—
Wondrously formed, and rare.

The Senior sat and dreamed,
With never a thought of care;
Till the smoke, grown bold, took the roof on its back,
And bore it—nobody knows where!

L'ENVOY

Oh, where is the joy, the ecstatic bliss,
That ever with this can compare—
When a proud Senior lights up his favorite pipe
And blows the smoke in the air?

The Senior's Farewell

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane!
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests, Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty glass!

THE RUBYAIYAT.

TAMAM

The Call of the Yesteryear

JUNE and commencement!

What a flood of memories these words unloose! June and commencement, the season of brides and of roses, of birds and flowers and lovers—the month in which the culmination of college life by many is reached—the time when hearts are full to overflowing with love and youth and hope and life—which, when combined, form what else than human godhood?

Yet into the joy of the season there enters something of sadness. To some it means a bidding farewell to college life and all its hallowed associations; it means that for them the prologue has been ended, and the curtain has been rung up on the drama of life; that the dream-life of the future has suddenly become the present, and out of the present must be woven the fabric of the history of each of them.

The graduating class was small that year. It was, too, in the halcyon days when to be a Senior meant to occupy a pedestal. Consequently the members of our class were on terms of unusual intimacy, and there have seldom been two students possessing greater friendship for each other than Bob Arnold and myself. So, when, after several years of separation since leaving school, he told me the story I'm to tell, its lesson, its beauty, and its dramatic reality gave to it for me an interest that, despite my lack of art in the retelling, perhaps I may be able to impart.

No one who knew him had ever doubted for an instant the success that awaited Bob Arnold. He was made of the stuff that the word failure doesn't apply to. When we spoke of him, it was not as to whether he would achieve great things or not, but rather as to how great would be his achievements. Handsome, debonair, a good student, a better speaker, with a simplicity and frankness attractive and commanding, and, lastly, a great ambition—these were the characteristics that marked him as a student.

A great lawyer he purposed to be. For us were the quieter paths to be trodden, but him the city called, where, with opportunity vast and uncrowded, he might achieve what he sought.

Had you known him and Jessie Whitworth also it would be unnecessary to tell more than that they became acquainted and were much associated. How their friendship had ripened into that infinitely sweeter something—why try to explain? For love demands no reason but the heart.

Then had come June and commencement; and then a plighting of their hearts one night, when out of the stillness the winds seemed to whisper of love, and the

stars to tell of the vastness of life, of the infinite past through which they had shone, and of the future, with its far-stretching vista of boundless opportunity, through which they would continue to shine. And love and hope and joy of living were his and hers.

Bob finished his law course with distinction. It was the wish of his father and mother, of Jessie, and of his friends that he begin work at home. But the community was not large, and Bob's ambition was boundless, and though he himself was light-hearted and confident when he departed for St. Louis to accept a clerkship with a great law firm there, he left behind him hearts saddened and forebodingly doubtful.

Until the time of parting Jessie had borne herself bravely, because she loved him very much. But when he would have bidden her good-bye, she looked with wide, tearless eyes into his and pleaded with him to stay.

"Don't go, Bobby, dear," she urged, "I'm so afraid."

"Afraid of what, little one?" he assured her tenderly, "I'll come back before long, a great man for you to be proud of."

"But will you think of me and write to me—and come back to me?"

"I'll think of you every hour, write to you every day, and come back for you—when I've proven myself worthy of you," he answered.

And so, again in June, they parted.

In the vernacular, Bob had "made good." He was quick to catch on, and rose rapidly. But this very success served an ill purpose. He failed to recognize the machinelike, unalterable "system" by which such men as he fall easy prey to the rapacity of employers. As a valuable machine capable of good service he was accorded a certain consideration, but on mere merit there was scarcely a possibility of rising higher.

To tell how it all came about would be but the repetition of a story that has wrung many a sigh from many a broken heart. The secret of it rests with old Grandfather Time, who, when he took from blood its long-vested heritage, and lodged it in money, pitilessly brought about the enactment of countless just such tragedies.

For thus, month after month, as a clerk of average salary and trustworthy ability, he continued, hoping for further promotion that seemed always more and more distant. The work was heavy and arduous, the temptations many and almost irresistible, the companionship that of men dissolute and hardened. Little by little he drifted from his old ways to new ones of dissipation and discontent, until gradually he had come to lose sight of his old ideals and purposes.

Say what you will of the value of temptation and experience, this much I know: He who walks through the mire must needs soil his feet; the way is uncertain and perilous; and, once down, who rises must have the strength of ten.

With less and less of regularity he had written home and to Jessie, till now, near the end of his fourth year from home, six months or more had elapsed since his last letter. He and Jessie had quarreled, he querulous and evasive, self-ashamed, she indignant at his neglect.

I don't believe Bob had really become a bad sort, except by comparison with his former exemplary conduct. His love for the good and the beautiful, and, above all, his love for the One Woman in All the World, had never waned. Although vague and indefinite and impossible now of fulfillment, his ambition remained, and his dreams were still of a day when he should do great deeds and win acclaim. But when she had written him that he need not write again, the blow fell so heavily and the wound sank so deep that all the despair of his great soul broke out in utter recklessness and dissipation.

It was again the month of June—the year of the great St. Louis Exposition. A party of us, immediately after commencement, had decided to make the trip together. Among the number were Jessie, two others of the class of which Bob was a member, and myself. I had got an inkling of how matters stood between Bob and Jessie, though little dreaming the real cause, and almost immediately after our arrival had gone in search of him, but on inquiry had failed to find him. Several times I repeated this, but without success.

It was the last day of our stay that I met him, while descending the stairs of his firm's building.

"By all that's holy," I shouted, as I made a dash for his hand, "Bob! You lobster, you, I've looked for you everywhere!"

So completely surprised was he that, speechless, he could only stand and stare at me. Then I noticed how wan and haggard he was, and felt his hand tremble in mine.

"Why, old man, what's the matter?" I asked.

"I've been ill, Jim," he stammered, looking at me queerly.

"Come," I said, taking his arm. "The crowd's waiting for you. We are going to have a farewell supper, and we want our distinguished city lawyer with us, and to speak to us. You can't imagine how glad they'll all be to see you, Bob, nor how proud we are of you."

"Don't, Jim," he said, huskily. "I can't go. Don't ask me why. I can't."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "come on here with me! Jess told me enough to put me on to your quarrel, but now's the time to make it up! Why, man alive!" I said, "she loves you more now than she ever did."

"Do you think so—" he eagerly began, then stopped as though ashamed.

"Think so, you baby! I know so!"

A determined look came into his eyes, and a new spring into his step. Catching a car, we soon arrived at the quaint little café we had secured for exclusive service for the evening, and it was the old Bob of college days who greeted those present. He shook hands with Jessie formally, though his eyes lingered on her hungrily; but of our number there was scarcely one more merry than he. For, like Enoch Arden, his prayer had been to himself, "Never to let them know."

Then came his speech. I shall never forget it. With a strange fire, almost of madness, glowing in his eyes, he arose and spoke to us of—Success! The flood-gates of memory seemed suddenly opened, and, forgetting his bitterness, forgetting his failure and disappointment, he spoke with an eloquence in which was a pent-up force irresistible.

When he had finished we sat for a moment in utter silence. Then a storm of applause arose, and we crowded about him; only, there was one who averted her eyes when he looked.

Here, I saw, was my cue.

"Listen, all of you," I commanded, authoritatively, when the confusion had subsided, "Bob's been sick and can't go with us, but we want to run out to the fair grounds before we leave. Jess, you stay here with him, and we'll be back soon."

Before there was time for protest I had bundled the others out and left the two alone.

When they had gone he turned to her. "Jessie," he said, simply, in the voice of a tired child, "will you forgive me?"

"Do you think you deserve forgiveness?" she asked him. "Do you think you have been fair with me?"

"No," he said, slowly, "I don't deserve it, and I haven't been fair, nor honest, nor even worthy of respect. I've been a fool, a blind, stupid fool. I see it all now. Is it too late, Jessie? I know I'm unworthy—unworthy even to speak to you, but—I love you. Can't we begin anew?"

"I'm afraid not, Bobby," she answered, gently but firmly. "I don't think I care for you any more. I—I guess my girl-heart died, Bobby, worn out with loneliness and waiting."

She turned and walked to the window, and stood there, her back to him.

"And is there no hope at all?" he asked, dully.

"No, none at all," she answered, without turning.

With bowed head he sat, trying to realize what it all meant. He had been such a fool, he kept telling himself—such a fool! No hope at all. Could she but realize what those words meant to him, could her heart but be stirred again—

Faintly there came to him the sound of a party of school boys and girls returning from a picnic trip. The moon had risen, and was shedding a flood of gold on

the bright-stained windows of a church in the distance. Suddenly his face lighted up with its old-time light of hope, and his eyes brightened with their latent fire. Quickly he arose and stole to where Jessie was standing, and clasping the hand that lay loose at her side into both of his own, he raised it to his lips.

In an instant the heart of Jessie, the fair-haired, tender lassie of the yesteryears, came rushing back to displace the usurping heart that had stolen its place in the heart of Jessie the woman. The gaudy little room faded away, and in its place were the hillsides, verdant with foliage, and resounding with a mocking-bird's melody.

Into his mind sprang the words of a little lyric they had written together one summer day, and there was all of love in his voice—of Love doing desperate battle with Despair—as, in a tone low and musical and vibrant he began:

“Sweet are the dreams I have dreamed in the twilight,
When clouds are soft-tinted in delicate hue;
Oft have I thrilled with the joy of the starlight,
Watching the moonbeams enter the dew;
But now have the starlight and moonlight and sunlight
The evening's soft shadows, the sky's brightest blue,
For me found a beauty far rarer and sweeter,
Because of you, sweetheart, because of you!”

She was sobbing now, soundlessly and tearlessly, with face averted that he might not see her pain; yet so engrossed was he that he did not observe it. The merry crowd of schoolchildren had reached the corner, and suddenly had burst into an old college song that he and Jessie had often sung together. He paused for a moment, and a whiff of the flowers, memory-laden, came to them through the window.

No longer was he in a great, crowded, selfish city, but before him rose the picture of a little Southern village, and Jessie, his sweetheart, was beside him again. The song was growing fainter and fainter, and the music of his voice seemed to merge into the distant melody as he again began:

“And though the long years of silence should part us,
Dimmed by my tears and darkened to my view,
The bright star of love forever would guide me,
My strength and my courage would ever renew;
But should your love for me ever falter,
And should your heart ever prove untrue,
My life would be barren and hopeless and cheerless,
Because of you, sweetheart, because of you.”

As he repeated the last lines his voice had grown harsh again. She had given no sign of softening,—great hearts are ever silent when full to overflowing—for

when he had begun her thoughts had flown away to Memory Land, there beside the Gateway of Regrets, to weep away the pent-up pride of her woman-soul.

"I have failed," he thought, "I have failed!" Slowly he let fall her hand, and feeling as though there was nothing else in the world worth while, walked with leaden steps to where the decanter sat, and, pouring out a brimming glassful, held it aloft.

She had heard him move away, and looked up just in time to see. With a startled cry she turned upon him, and an instant later the glass lay shattered on the floor by a swift stroke from her hand.

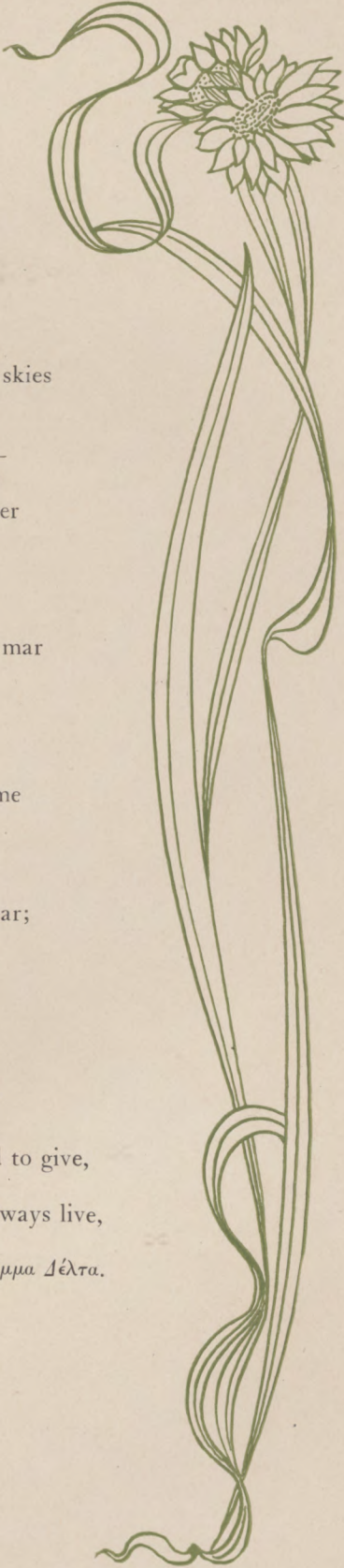
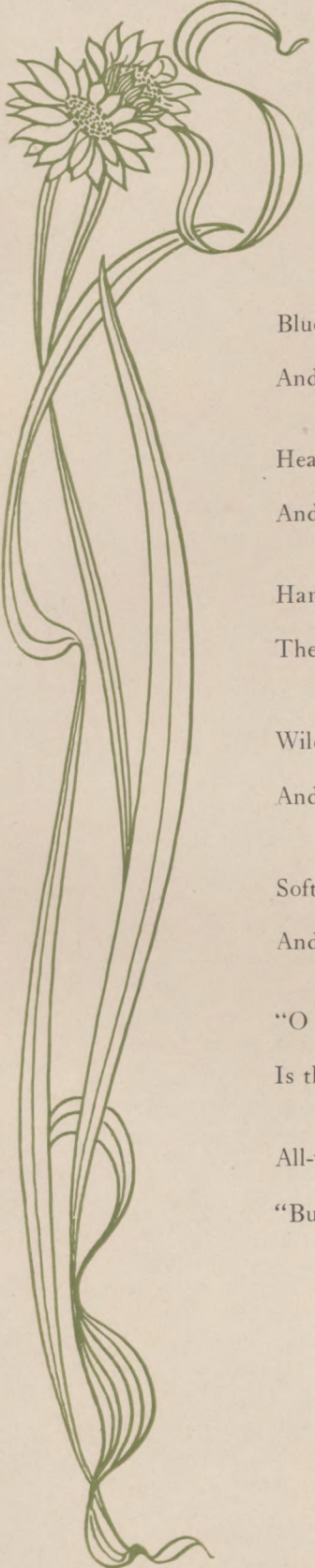
With flashing eyes and heaving bosom she stood before him. "Not that, Robbie, dear, not that!" she cried, "let me finish it—don't you remember I added another verse?"

With hands clasped tightly, and in a low, tense voice, filled with the sweetness of an infinite woman-love, she spoke the impassioned little lines:

"O, I have learned the eternal lesson—
Learned it as only a woman can do;
Gone is my heart now into your keeping,
Pledged is my love, and will ever be true,
And if our love be fed or hearts shall hunger,
Our hopes be all fulfilled or joys be few,
I know that I can never, never, falter,
Because of you, sweetheart, be-cause—of—you."

Her voice choked in a pathetic little sob as she reached the last words. Outstretched he held his arms to her, and with a glad cry that was full of joy unutterable she pillowed her head upon his shoulders, and wept as though her heart would break.

Then, as he gently stroked her hair, and whispered little endearing words to her, a shaft of moonlight came in through the window and rested upon them, and glancing upward he fancied that it had come a-purpose to guide them on their future course.



A Consolation

Blue eyes that gaze into brown eyes,
And the wind blows soft from the sea
And there's naught above but God's blue skies
Nor below but you and me.

Heart's blood pulsing with heart's desire—
O, her laugh's like the salt sea spray!
And we've never a thought that rises higher
Than Life and Love and Today.

Hands clasped tight and gaze afar,
And hearts that are tender and full;
There comes from the sea not a sound to mar
Save the shriek of a wild sea gull.

* * *

Wild winds roar and waters foam,
And the imps of the sea run riot;
And when they retreat to their cavern home
The waves lie still and quiet

* * *

Soft winds sigh and waters moan,
Though the sun shines bright and clear;
And I sit by the sea alone—alone,
And weep that She's not there.

"O tell me, thou Sea," in despair I cry,
"With thy wisdom centuries old:
Is there not something that will not die—
Some fire that will never grow cold?"

All-wise was the answer the waves seemed to give,
And the wind echoed it from above:
"But one thing," they murmured, "will always live,
And that is love—is love—is—love."

Γάμμα Δέλτα.

John Lipscomb Johnson, D. D., LL. D.



It is said, "One born in Virginia never gets over it." That may be true in some respects, but while Dr. Johnson came from Virginia, after graduating at its famous University and holding high position among its people as pastor and educator, yet he came to Mississippi in the morning of his strength—1873—and devoted himself without stint to building up our institutions, both educational and religious. For sixteen years he labored as professor of English in the State University, and established the reputation of his department that did not suffer in comparison with any, but was rather a standard for many. Later, as pastor at Columbus, he proved his ability to charm and edify an already highly cultured audience. More recently he bought Hillman College at a critical time, established it upon an assured basis, and transferred it to its present management.

Dr. Johnson has left his impress upon the state as few men have been able to do as an educator, setting a high standard of excellence, quickening youthful ambition, and furnishing a chaste, elegant, charming style in speech.

He has always been in demand as a preacher for various special occasions, and the people have never been disappointed. Few men have so strong social instincts, and fewer still are so delightful in conversation. Like the "Ancient Mariner," he "hath his way"—and everybody is willing.

He is an author of no mean reputation. The following is taken from one of the sermons in a volume published a few years ago:

"Christianity is 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever' to all who receive it. The aged and infirm may come to this shrine of the soul and worship, and the gracious influences that come into their hearts shall be to them like the evening dew to the wilted rose, sparkling amid its leaves, refreshing and gladdening them ere they fall away on the night winds. The mature in years and mind may bow down before God, and the glory they give him shall come back from heaven to gather about their own heads and fill their souls with unspeakable peace. So, too, may come the young and breathe their virgin vows, fresh as the morning air and fragrant as the morning flowers; and from that consecrated hour they shall go forth, having treasures that the world does not, cannot know of, carrying memories that shall sweeten life's bitter potions, guided in life's work by a divine wisdom and sustained in life's woes by a heavenly inspiration."



The Fountain of Youth

"Three months," the doctor told me,
"Three months at most, and you must surely die."
God! how the words ring in my brain.
At first I'd not believe that it was true;
But when in cold and calculating tones
He proved to me that naught could come but death
Within not more than this allotted time,
My blood at first seemed frozen, turned to ice,
My heart to stone, and in that moment's anguish
I suffered more than all that death could bring;
Then, with a bound through veins that seemed would burst,
My blood surged forth like molten, scathing lead,
Until in furious, blind, unthinking rage
I longed with savage force to grasp the throat
Of this cold, heartless, steel-eyed fiend,
And tear it from his body with my hands.

"Three months at most, and you must die,"
And I but in my manhood's youthful prime,
The very joyous springtime of my life.
Ambition had I, too, and promise of fulfillment.
Early and late from childhood I had toiled,—
Toiled, friendless, all alone, unloved, unaided,
Till now, with love, success, and happiness before me—
"O God," I muttered, hoarsely, piteously,
"It is too much—too hard, too hard to bear!"
Upon my breast my head had fallen lower;
Aimless I wandered, and knew and cared not whither;
Bitterness was in my heart, bitterness and rebellion
Against the unjust God who dealt me such a fate.
"And sweet Annette," I murmured, "what of her—
Annette, who loves me and is to be my bride?"
Love her? I swear that never had the word
Possessed a meaning since the world began
Till our souls had found each other out!
Yet I must die and leave her.

"And after death, what then? hell or paradise?"
"Paradise!" I sneered, "what have I there to win?
There where are the old, decrepit, and the maimed,
Where are the priests and all the goodly folk
Who here on earth o'er crypt and altar cowered—
Rather by far to deepest hell I'd go
Where are the gay who lived on earth as 't pleased them,
And where I may in brimstone and in fire
Forget the torture of a life without Annette!"

For hours I had wandered thus, scarce knowing
How I had come into the forest where I stood.
Dark shades there were, and overhanging branches
Entwined with vines and thick with heavy leafage
Formed a retreat in keeping with my broodings.
Here I sat and spoke aloud the anguish
That filled my soul with darkness and despair.
Wearied at last of this, I lapsed to silence
And closed my eyes that I might clearly think.

While thus I sat in thought, a twig snapped near me.
Quickly I sprang to my feet, and there beside me
I saw a strange old man, decrepit, bent, and feeble.
Steadily he gazed at me, and motioned to be seated.
"My son," he said, "I've learned from you your story,
And in your deep distress would give you aid.
Listen. Long years ago I learned a mighty secret—
A secret held in Nature's breast for all these ages,
Yet never known by any man save me;
For years so many that I've lost all count
I've sought to bring my secret to perfection.
At last I have succeeded!" Suddenly
The old man's form grew straight; his eyes
Glowed with enthusiastic fire of youth.
"I have succeeded," he cried, exultingly;
"I hold the secret of perpetual youth—
The long-sought fountain of eternal life!"
A heavy flask he drew from out his bosom,
Held it aloft, and cried, "Here is Death's conqueror!
One draught of this, and neither time nor age
Can ever come to him who drinks of it!"

No drop of it has ever yet passed human lips,
Although I've fully proven all its power.
You say you have but three short months to live,
Yet would I have you never die, but live forever!
There is a risk. I know not yet the quantity.
Too much or yet too little may mean death.
But what of that? A lingering torture waits you
As 'tis, and certain death. By means of this
Quickly will come the end, or else you live
Forever and forever, until the crack of doom."

He proffered me the glass. I took it silently.
One quaff for me, one for Annette, and then,
Throughout the countless centuries to come,
Perpetual youth ensuring never-ending love,
Hand in hand would we go gaily on.
The old man read my thoughts. "Yes, one for her
If you survive," he urged me quickly,
"Although each drop is worth a very fortune.
A lifetime I have spent obtaining it;
Another lifetime 'd be required to furnish more,
And I have sworn the secret shall die with me.
I'll measure you a potion. Then, remember,
An endless sleep or endless life awaits you!"

"*Until the crack of doom.*" My brain reeled blindly
As slowly in my mind the thought took form.
What must I do? What ought I do? I faltered.
The thought of death struck chilly terror to me;
The thought of endless life filled me with nameless dread.
What ought I do? I knew not which were right;
I know not now. Perhaps I'll never know.

Γάμμος Δέλητα

Daily Routine

- 3:00 a. m.—Quin gets back from Jackson.
 3:30 a. m.—Arrington rises to study.
 3:45 a. m.—Pete Hailey retires.
 3:46 a. m.—The chickens count the missing.
 4:00 a. m.—Burgin rises, drinks a dope and retires.
 4:15 a. m.—McMorries practices baseball.
 4:30 a. m.—Trotter puts the alarm clock under his pillow and goes back to sleep.
 4:40 a. m.—Pritchard rises to shave.
 4:45 a. m.—Draughn practices his speech.
 4:50 a. m.—Kenneth Price rises and begins to study.
 5:00 a. m.—Burgin drinks a dope and retires.
 5:15 a. m.—Uncle Bill's wagon passes.
 5:30 a. m.—Pritchard finishes shaving.
 5:45 a. m.—Dobbs rises to meditate on Adam.
 6:00 a. m.—Laundry whistle blows.
 6:12 a. m.—McWilliams rises and seeks fresh ozone.
 6:30 a. m.—Dek Stone starts to breakfast.
 6:20 a. m.—"Shakespeare" rises and writes a poem.
 6:45 a. m.—Burgin drinks a dope.
 6:59 a. m.—Arrington stops studying.
 7:00 a. m.—Breakfast.
 7:05 a. m.—Arrington starts to studying.
 7:15 a. m.—Dek Stone gets to breakfast.
 7:20 a. m.—Waller goes for his mail.
 7:25 a. m.—Canada smokes.
 7:30 a. m.—"Nuts" Walton reads a verse from the Bible and prays.
 7:35 a. m.—McKinstry visits the neighbors.
 7:40 a. m.—Burgin dopes.
 7:45 a. m.—First chapel bell.
 7:50 a. m.—Stone starts to chapel.
 7:55 a. m.—Waller goes to the post-office.
 8:00 a. m.—Bill Stovall rises.
 8:05 a. m.—Canada buys cigars.
 8:10 a. m.—Burgin drinks two dopes.
 8:15 a. m.—Dek Stone arrives and chapel begins.
 8:20 a. m.—"All Here."
 8:25 a. m.—Dr. S—"Be ye therefore steadfast, unmovable, always doing honor to the family name."
 8:40 a. m.—Prof. Eager announces chapel speech.
 8:41 a. m.—Chapel Speech—Theme: "Education, the Negro Problem, and the Confederacy; a Comparison of Washington and Lee with Napoleon and Alexander, in the days of Greece and Rome."
 8:47 a. m.—Kenna sends in eight announcements.
 8:49 a. m.—Dr. Provine announces about the laundry.

8:55 a. m.—Dalrymple gets to chapel.
 9:00 a. m.—Dr. Lowrey asks the bell-ringer to cut the last two periods five minutes each.
 1st Hour —Greek Rice cuts geology.
 2d Hour —Greek Rice cuts Deutsch.
 3d Hour —Price, Stovall, Lomax, and Prof. Brunson go to post-office.
 4th Hour —Zeus catches Jenkins up town.
 5th Hour —Waller goes to post-office, Canada stops smoking, Burgin dopes, Turnage medi-
 tates, first dinner bell rings, Arrington quits studying.
 12:35 m.—Dinner.
 12:38 m.—Arrington commences studying.
 12:45 m.—Pritchard shaves.
 1:00 p. m.—McMorries and Stapleton put on baseball uniform.
 1:15 p. m.—Canada smokes up.
 1:20 p. m.—Burgin swears off doping.
 1:22 p. m.—Burgin dopes.
 1:25 p. m.—Crowd gathers at bulletin tree.
 1st Hour —Rice cuts math.
 2d Hour —McMorries goes to ball ground.
 3d Hour —Grits cuts History.
 4th Hour —Preachers play tennis.
 4:30 p. m.—Play Ball!
 4:31 p. m.—Waller goes for mail.
 4:45 p. m.—McKinstry visits.
 4:50 p. m.—Nelson 'Stute-walks.
 5:00 p. m.—Pritchard shaves.
 5:30 p. m.—Hash.
 5:45 p. m.—Everybody loafes but Arrington and J. L. Stone.
 7:00 to 7:05—Red Ferguson and Stape study.
 7:10 p. m.—Burgin dopes and retires.
 7:15 p. m.—Lights go off.
 7:30 p. m.—Lights come back on.
 7:45 p. m.—Draughn practices his speech.
 8:00 p. m.—Brooks discusses the baseball situation.
 8:30 p. m.—Ensemble piruters.
 8:45 p. m.—Lights go off.
 9:00 p. m.—Lights come back on.
 9:15 p. m.—Joke is played on Hurlbutt.
 9:30 p. m.—Zed goes to town.
 9:45 p. m.—Theologs retire.
 10:00 p. m.—Draughn practices his speech.
 10:30 p. m.—Perrin Lowrey returns from the 'Stute.
 11:00 p. m.—Pete Hailey goes on the warpath.
 12:00 —Lights go off.
 12:01 —Arrington and Stone light their lamps.
 1:00 a. m.—Quin leaves Jackson.
 2:00 p. m.—Arrington and Stone retire.

And all is quiet along the Potomac!



THE PREP AGE

Preparatory Department

W. C. ASHFORD	President	L. L. MAY	Prophet
A. A. TATE	Vice-President	TOM BRAND	Poet
E. M. EDWARDS	Secretary-Treasurer	P. H. EAGER, JR.	Sport
T. C. FOSTER	Historian	SAM BURCH	Liar
P. W. LANEAR		Foal	

Motto:

We don't care for lessons,
And we don't care for looks;
We don't care for teachers
And we don't care for books.

Prep History



COLLECTIVELY we have no history. We are like the old man said of himself, we are "prehistoric." Our past is the Rough Stone age, our present the Dark Ages, and our future the age of Radium. We are non-entities in the social world, broncho busters in the world of knowledge, and the Big Noises in the world of wind.

We honor and emulate the higher classes, and—

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We could make a mighty rep.,
If we could but leave behind us
The detested name of "Prep."

Although it is falsely intimated that we lack tone and quality, we certainly have tones and quantity, for we are the largest, noisiest, and best-humored class in school.

The Seniors are sporty, the Juniors are stuck-up, the Sophs think the part they don't know never was in the book, and the Freshies try to run it over us, and yet we are the Main Works.

We will put our fool up against the earth, and our liar is the pride of the College. Few can equal them; none can excel. We are the champion loafers at "the jint," and hold the belt for Sunday school attendance. We are all rooters and piruters—we root whenever there's a game, and pirate all the time.

We don't pretend to know it all about Latin and Greek and Math, et cetera and so forth and so on, but we are laying a foundation on which to build a structure that a few years from now will tower to the skies.

But springtime's here, and we might as well tell the truth and say:

We don't care what the Hindus do,
Or how they live in Tokyo,
Or what the Greeks or Romans knew,
Or where is the isle of Borneo—
Today's too bright for school or book;
We want a fishing line and hook!

HISTORIAN.



THE PREP'S SWEET DREAM OF HOME

Prep Prophecy

PROPHECY is not our long suit. We don't deal in futures, and we're so busy with the present that what is to be can't be given much attention. But, come to think about it, what is the future but the present extended? But with most of us extending in the present tense is the main purpose of life; considering the past that we may profit from its lessons, and leaving the future to take care of itself. Yet, we fully realize that our greatness lies still before us. The time is to come when we shall startle the world, even as we now startle the big slice of it known as Mississippi College. The time is to come when we'll have mounted the ladder from the bottom round of Prepdom to the giddy heights of Seniorship, and then smile down below on the kneeling multitude at our feet.

For men who have been Preps and survived the awful ordeal, what is great enough to prophesy? This here prophet, for one, passes it up. It is too awful to contemplate—the things we're going to do before we get through. The mind refuses to grasp it. Words could not be coined to express it.

Just imagine the greatest Freshman class that ever was, the most renowned Sophomore in the annals of history, the widest-famed Junior that ever looked big, and the greatest Senior class that ever trod the earth; multiply all this by 2,391, and you will have the approximate future greatness of ours.

Let us pray.

PROPHET.

Prep Poem

Lyin' on the grass an' musin',
Just a-lyin' there an' snoozin',
Just a-wishin' that vacation time would get a pair o' wings;
Lyin' on the grass an' dreamin',
Just a-lyin' there an' seemin'
To be a-floatin' in the air an' seein' funny things;
Lyin' on the grass an' dozin',
Just a-lyin' there supposin',
With a breeze a-softly blowin', and a song like this it sings:

If the laboratory was a big chicken pie,
An the middle building was cake;
If the chapel was a fat turkey roasted brown,
An' the campus a sirlion steak;
If the old "prep" hall was peaches and cream,
With a table long as Latimer street—
Say, wouldn't college life be heaven on earth
Just to eat, an' eat, an' eat!

If English an' Latin were puddin'head Math,
An' puddin'head Math was a "dope,"
An' all we had to do was to drink it down,
Wouldn't everybody be full o' hope?
If all our books were nice feather beds,
An' every feather was a wing—
Oh, wouldn't it be a puddin' just to fly through the air,
An' sing, an' sing, an' sing!

Lyin' on the grass an' musin',
Just a-lyin' there an' snoozin',
Just a-wishin' that vacation time would get a pair o' wings;
Lyin' on the grass an' dreamin',
Just a-lyin' there an' seemin'
To be a-floatin' in the air an' seein' funny things;
Lyin' on the grass an' dozin',
Just a-lyin' there supposin',
With a breeze a-softly blowin', and a song like this it sings.

POET.



PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Preparatory Department

ASHFORD, W. C.	Heathman, Miss.
BANKSTON, H. H.	Mt. Point, La.
BANKSTON, A. M.	Mt. Point, La.
BRAND, TOM	Hickory, Miss.
BURCH, J. F.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
BURCH, S. S.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
CARTER, J. S.	Oak Ridge, La.
EAGER, PAT	Clinton, Miss.
EDWARDS, J. B.	Chunkey, Miss.
FAIR, G. H.	Nolen, Miss.
FORTENBERRY, F. M.	Waterhole, Miss.
FOSTER, T. C.	Hermanville, Miss.
HARDY, R. R.	Hattiesburg, Miss.
HOPKINS, A. L.	Sicily Island, La.
JOHNSON, NOEL	Nolen, Miss.
LANGSTON, R. B.	Columbia, Miss.
MASSEY, J. C.	Clinton, Miss.
MILLER, CAREY	Clinton, Miss.
MILLER, M. S.	Clinton, Miss.
MYERS, S. B.	Meadville, Miss.
PATTON, R. C.	Noland, Miss.
PARKER, J. C.	Duck Hill
RAINEY, M. A.	Cascilla
SMITH, H. T.	Brookhaven, Miss.
SMITH, L. W.	Clinton, Miss.
SHAW, E. R.	Carley, Miss.
SPIGHT, H. K.	Blue Springs, Miss.
TATE, A. A.	Clinton, Miss.
WASHBURN, N. F.	Clinton, Miss.
WELLS, J. T., JR.	Clinton, Miss.



M. VENABLE

AND DARKNESS WAS UPON THE FACE OF THE DEEP

THE FRESHMAN AGE

Freshman Class

Officers

P. L. BERRY	<i>President</i>	L. C. FRANKLIN	<i>Orator</i>
J. D. BURRESS	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. I. CAIN	<i>Sport</i>
E. M. DEARMAN	<i>Secretary</i>	J. M. DOBBS.	<i>Fool</i>
C. N. CALLAHAN	<i>Historian</i>	G. C. JOHNSON	<i>'Stute Walker</i>
J. E. MIDDLETON	<i>Prophet</i>	N. L. MILTON	<i>Liar</i>
W. M. McGehee	<i>Poet</i>	H. W. PRIDDY	<i>Flunky</i>

Freshman History



THE EARLY HISTORY of almost all great men has been obscure. So with us. Our greatness lies in the future, made sure and inevitable by the deeds of the past. Like strong young eagles whose feathers are just grown we look ever onward, upward, sunward, to the mountain peaks of knowledge, and as we anticipate the flight we glory in our strength.

In us are quantity and quality combined. We are first in beauty, first in knowledge, and only second to the Seniors in the hearts of the fair sex. We are great athletes, and stand to win the championship in the Gully League. We thrill with joy at the thoughts of what we have done as students, as 'stute walkers, as tennis and basketball and baseball players, and as highcockalorums of the seventeenth degree. Forever have we ceased to occupy that plebeian realm known as the Prep Hall, and are Freshmen—Freshmen now, and (some of us) Freshmen forever.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Prophecy



HEN, as prophet of the Freshman Class, I stand aside and view the members of the largest and greatest class in Mississippi College with the purpose of prophesying the deeds and accomplishments of the future, I am so filled with admiration and awe as to be unable to do other than realize my inability to conceive of the vastness of the possibilities confronting us. Step by step we will go marching on, a few dropping out from time to time, but in the end, four years hence, the majority of us will be on hand for roll call.

The early life of a man—or a nation—is the index to his life and destiny. Reading the index of the Freshman Class we find that they are thorough in their work; this foretells learning. They are courteous and generous; this foretells friendship. They are public-spirited and liberal; this foretells usefulness. They are athletic; this foretells buoyant old age. They are amorous—lovers, every one; this foretells matrimony and increased population.

Other classes will come and go and be forgotten; other classes will occasionally rise to high achievements; other classes will number among its members men who afterwards will achieve greatness; still others may occasionally rise and tower above our fame; but when the smoke has settled and the hurrahs hushed, the Class of '10 will shine out again, illuminating the records of this institution by its brilliance, paling all else into petty insignificance, making them appear as a candle by the glare of a midday sun.

"And behold," saith the prophet, "it shall thus come to pass."

PROPHET.

Freshman Poem

Bell a-ringin' in the chapel
For my class;
Tellin' me I'll have to hurry,
Hurry fast.

Just a-lyin' quiet an' peaceful
On the grass;
"Doggone me if I don't cut it,
Bust or pass!"

Preacher-boy comes hurryin' past me,
Lookin' meek.
"Don't you hear the bell?" he queries,
"Time for Greek!"

Chapel bell again a-ringin'—
"Time for Math!"
Comes a husky voice that fills me
Full o' wrath.

"Old Lady" out upon the warpath
For my blood.
"Darn it, come on here and help me
Get in wood!"

Bird a-singin' in the tree-top,
Singin' sweet,
"Say, you pore, tired, lazy devil,
Go to sleep!"

Honest, tell me now, professor,
Tell me true:
Which of all of these things would you
Ruther do?

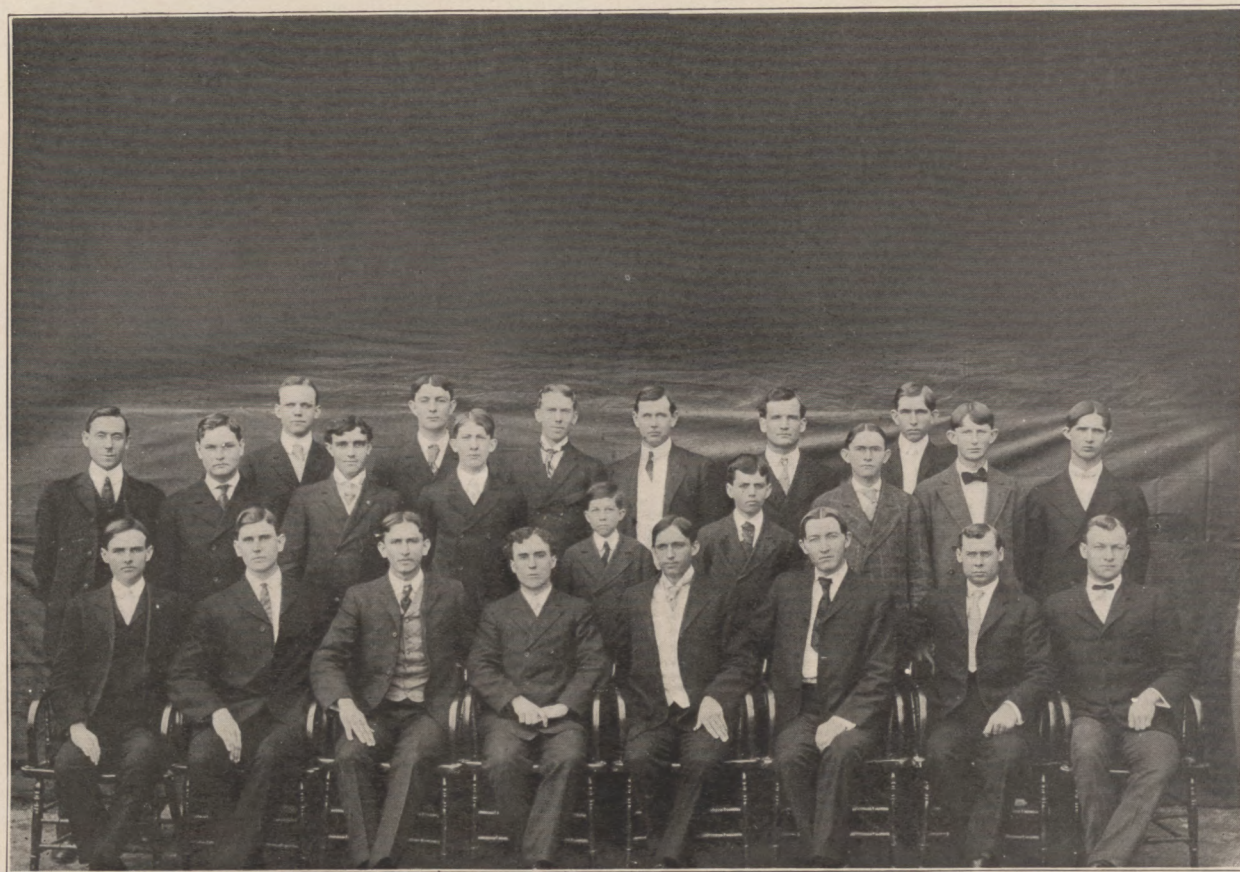
POET.



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

REYNOLDS, H. W.	Gillsburg
POWELL, H. W.	Soso
FRANKLIN, L. C.	Eupora
MAYFIELD, J. J.	Gilmer
BERRY, P. L.	Baldwin
MARSALIS, T. R.	Roxie
PRIDDY, H. W.	Oakland
WHITE, S.	Nola
SUGG, W. B.	McCain
McGEHEE, W. M.	Little Springs
CASEY, J. T.	Clinton
GRAHAM, E. E.	Clinton
WHITE, T. J.	Nola
DOBBS, J. M.	Ackerman
TRUSSELL, J. C.	D'Lo
CAIN, J. I.	Little Springs
SPURLOCK, J. M.	Guy
WILKINSON, W. T.	Gloster
SMITH, R. R.	Clinton, La.
CANADA, W. H.	Independence
DUDLEY, J. B.	Utica
BURFORD, V. L.	Independence
MIDDLETON, J. E.	Roxie
DOLER, C.	Slate Springs
WILLIAMS, J. E.	Ruth
McCULLOUGH, A. S.	Ruth



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

HINSON, L. W.	Tylertown
STRINGER, C. E.	Sylvarena
MANGUM, W. E.	Andrew
REEVES, C. H.	Ruth
GRISSOM, W. M., JR.	Summerlan
BRIDGES, H. A.	Tylertown
HART, L. H.	Bogue Chitto
HITT, J. W.	Goss
ROBBINS, W. D.	Carley
SUTTLE, G. H.	Clinton
GRISSOM, J. B.	Summerlan
RABORN, B. W.	Osyka
JAMES, E. M.	Clinton
HOLLOWELL, T. C.	Wilkes
RAY, J. F.	Chalybeate
BARLOW, W. W.	Chalybeate
CASEY, M. B.	Clinton
JAMES, W. H.	Mt. Herman, La.
LEE, A. W.	Clinton
WILLIAMSON, M. D.	Hathorn
SMITH, C. S.	Brookhaven
MORRIS, T. E.	Gulfport
MOFFETT, W. W.	Laurel



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

WALCOTT, C. D.	Hollandale
MAGRUDER, J. W.	Hollandale
McWILLIAMS, H. F.	Hattiesburg
SAUCIER, E. W.	Purvis
SATCHER, J. H.	Heidelberg
BRADFORD, C. W.	Hattiesburg
BRIDGES, R. W.	Jackson
HENRY, P. P.	Youngton
CARTER, W. R.	Meridian
MELTON, S. E.	Meltonville
MELTON, J. W.	Meltonville
MILTON, N. L.	Magnolia
PILKINTON, H. C.	Mayhew
TUCKER, H. R.	Senatobia
BRAME, W. Y.	Hand
CRAWLEY, C. L.	King
SALTER, C. W.	Hazlehurst
IMES, V. B.	Columbus
SAYLE, E. E.	Coffeeville
ODOM, H. T.	Enterprise
DANA, H. E.	Vicksburg
OLIVER, M. L.	Lodi



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

DAVIS, W. F.	Plattsburg
BEARD, W. L.	Rayborn
BOYD, G. C.	Summitt
MITCHELL, W. L.	Duck Hill
BATSON, O. L.	Elder
PRIDDY, C. S.	Enid
HARRIS, M. R.	Cascilla
HOLLINGSWORTH, J. O.	Terry
BURRIS,	Texas
GRESHAM, W. W.	Indianola
WATKINS, B. C.	Mashulaville
DEARMAN, E. M.	Why Not
JOHNSON, B. J.	Crystal Springs
CANNON, J. O.	Monticello
HOSEY, G. H.	Wiggins
MCCOY, E. E.	Wiggins
HAILEY, J. L.	Hickory
MCCANN, E.	Toomsuba
STOVALL, E. B.	Columbia



THE SOPHOMORE AGE

Sophomore Class

Motto

"Practice Makes Perfect Sports"

Flower

The Violet

Colors

Old Gold and Black

Officers

LAWRENCE LOWREY . . .	<i>President</i>	V. R. SMITH	<i>Poet</i>
H. D. WEBB	<i>Vice-President</i>	H. C. STAPLETON	<i>Mgr. Football Team</i>
A. B. SWAIN	<i>Treasurer</i>	C. A. PRITCHARD	<i>Capt. Football Team</i>
J. L. STONE	<i>Historian</i>	S. F. PROBY	<i>Stute Walker</i>
J. C. RICE	<i>Prophet</i>	M. C. GRAHAM	<i>Fool</i>
L. B. JENKINS			<i>Liar</i>

Sophomore History



THE HIGH-WATER MARK has been reached. We have established a new record in numbers, a new standard in intelligence, and a new spirit in athletics. Some of us came from the Freshman Class—and some of us from the woods; still others came from the Prep Department, but, anyhow, we are all here with a big mitt.

Harmony is our watchword—except in class meetings. We pull together in order that we may not be pulled separately, and therein lies our strength (with special stress on the word "lies").

In evidence of our fitness: Out of the three highest general grades in school last quarter the two highest were made by Sophomores—of course. In athletics we are the leaders. The captain of the varsity baseball team, two of the pitchers, the first baseman, the third baseman, and two fielders are Sophs. The stars on the track and on the basketball team are members of '09. Our class football team won the interclass championship, defeating the Juniors in score of 8 to 0. On the varsity eleven three of the backs, the center, a guard, both tackles, and two subs wore the black and gold

around their ankles. A Soph won the tennis singles, and was one of the winners of the doubles. We are prominent in oratory, and our ability in the English department is the pride of Prof. Eager's heart. Zed is our favorite prof, but we do not falter or hesitate to climb Mount Olympus and face the avenging wrath of Zeus if the necessity arises. One of our members sings in the quartet, a number are in the Glee Club, and our fool rings first cowbell in the nightshirt parade.


In brief, we are paramount in dear old Mississippi College, and in all movements for right and justice we are supreme.

HISTORIAN.



WHEN THE SOPHS PLAY FOOTBALL

Sophomore Prophecy

LL gall is divided into three parts: the first, possessed by the Seniors, is known as cheek; the next, possessed by the Juniors, is commonly named brass; but the last the Sophs possess, which, in their own language is called nerve. The possession of this alone could give the present Prophet the boldness to attempt to prophesy the destiny of the Sophomore Class, although my wearing apparel may have led the class to believe that the mantle of Elisha, received from Elijah, had been handed down to me.

The past and the present are our prophecy. What more evidence is needed than the record we have established? From the time we shook sailor collars and commenced to wear galluses our greatness has been a-ripening. From the time we stepped off the train at Clinton and began to learn the ropes of college life our fame has been a-spreading. We are irresistible and irrepressible. Nothing can keep us down.

Whenever there is something to be started, a Soph will be found ready and able to do it; when the finish comes, this same Soph will be at the goal post first. When the session of '06-'07 shall have ended, our record will be found the cleanest, our scholarship the highest, our renown the greatest. When we become Juniors a new Junior standard will be raised; when we become Seniors Mississippi College will have the greatest graduating class in her history. Then, when we go out into the world, to it will be given citizens whose accomplishments will light up the paths of future generations.

Among other distinctions, our class numbers among its members Misses Alice and Mary Sharp, our only co-eds. They, too, will aid greatly in bringing to realization the possibilities of the future.

Having attained to Sophomorical dignity, we shall now proceed to show to the world what has always lain dormant in us. We fully realize, however, that:

One little step won't take you far;
You've got to keep on walking:
One little word won't tell it all;
You've got to keep on talking.
Before us lies full many a cram
Until we pass our last exam.

In conclusion, gentle reader, let the Prophet admonish you: "Keep your weather eye on the class of '09!"

PROPHET.



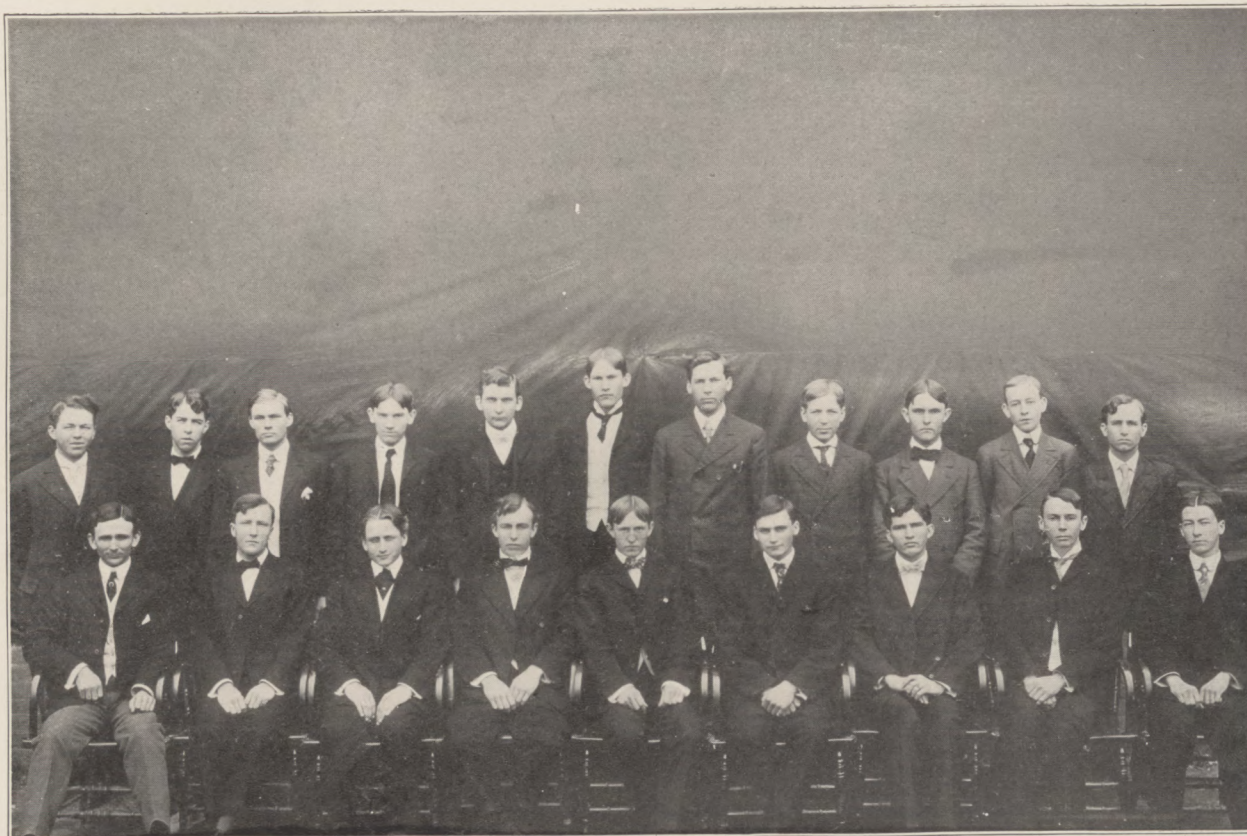
Sophomore Poem

If I were asked to tell of those
Whose lofty learning and renown
Is greater than their fellow-man's—
Whose history shall hurry down
The listening ages yet to come,
I'd look on all along the way—
On all the best—and then I'd say,
 "The Class of 1909!"

If I were asked to point to those
Who know their Greek and Math the best,
Who win the "queens" with greatest ease
And tower high above the rest
In every measure of the man—
I'd ask the mountains and the sea,
And they would then respond to me,
 "The Class of 1909!"

The fight is fierce upon the field,
The black and gold are floating high,
The team is pushing toward the goal,
The noise of conflict rends the sky;
"Sophomores! Sophomores! Rah! Rah! Rah!"
They cheer, and—well, the victors are,
 "The Class of 1909."

POET.



SOPHOMORES

In Memoriam

James Marshall Sharp

Class of 1909

Born August 19, 1891

Died April 19, 1907

Sophomores

STUBBLEFIELD, A. G., B. S.	Hattiesburg
FRAZIER, D. G., B. S.	Silver City
JACKSON, W. H., B. S.	Hattiesburg
TROTTER, H. E., B. A.	Hattiesburg

Varsity Baseball; Varsity Football.

LOWREY, L. T., B. S.	Blue Mountain
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Tennis Championship, singles and doubles; Secretary Tennis Association.

WEBB, H. D., B. S.	Banner
RICE, J. C., B. S.	Charleston
BACKSTROM, J. L., B. A.	Richton
BENNETT, O. O., B. S.	Hattiesburg
STAPLETON, H. C., B. S.	Hattiesburg

Captain Varsity Baseball; Varsity Football; Sophomore Football.

COOPER, R. B., B. A.	Pontotoc
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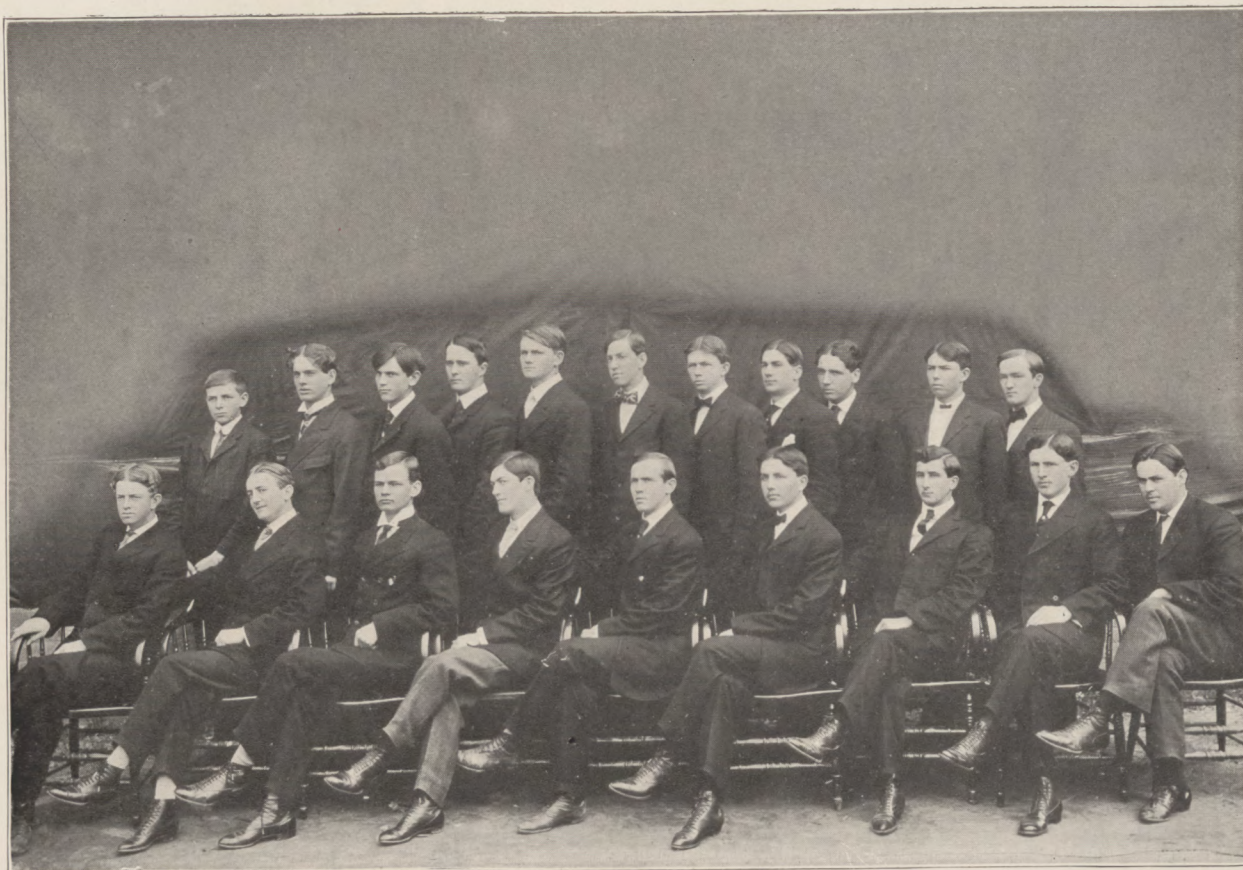
Sophomore Football.

LOWREY, S. N., B. S.	Hattiesburg
STONE, J. L., B. A.	Louisiana
BACKSTROM, W. F., B. A.	Richton
GATES, J. V., B. S.	Crystal Springs
GRICE, BARNIE, B. A.	Brookhaven

Sophomore Football.

SHARPE, J. M., JR., B. S.	Clinton
SWAIN, A. B., B. S.	New Albany
MONTGOMERY, V. B., B. A.	Yazoo City
HURLBUTT, G. B., Ph. B.	Louisiana

Quartet.



SOPHOMORES

Sophomores

BARBER, I. I., JR., B. S.	Gulfport
Varsity Baseball.	
HELMER, A. E., B. S.	McComb City
COLEMAN, E. E., B. S.	Utica
JACK, GUY, B. S.	Scooba
JENKINS, L. B., B. S.	Clarksdale
Sophomore Football	
CHRESSMAN, J. M., B. S.	Jonestown
MAY, F. H., B. S.	Rayborn
SIMMONS, W. F., B. S.	Simmons ville
ROBINSON, H. G., B. S.	Magee
ST. JOHN, D. T., B. S.	Brooksville
Varsity Baseball.	
WHITE, M. L., B. S.	Sontag
Sophomore Football.	
KETHLEY, J. L., B. S.	Clinton
GREEN, E. F., B. A.	Crystal Springs
WALTON, H. E., B. S.	Newton
RUSH, R. C., B. S.	Sucarnochee
Varsity Baseball; Sophomore Football.	
FOSTER, W. E. G., Ph. B.	Crystal Springs
QUINN, O. B., JR., B. S.	McComb City
McGEHEE, W. H., B. A.	Little Springs
MILLER, J. T., B. S.	Blue Mountain
McMORRIES, E. D., B. S.	Meridian
Varsity Baseball; Sophomore Football.	



SOPHOMORES

Sophomores

GRAHAM, M. C., B. A.	Clinton
ARRINGTON, J. B., B. S.	Brookhaven
PARKER, E. V., B. S.	Hollandale
DEARMAN, C. E., B. A.	Why Not
POPE, S. G., Ph. B.	Cato
CLIETT, J. D., B. A.	Pheba
RUSSELL, R. H., B. A.	Durant
JONES, C. C., Ph. B.	Wesson
CRANFORD, J. E., Ph. B.	Sitka
BRYANT, R. W., B. S.	Ecru
MILLER, A. H., B. A.	Why Not
LEWIS, C. D., B. A.	Dixon
DARLING, W. T., Ph. B.	Bethany
SARTIN, BENNETT, B. S.	Brookhaven
JOHNSON, G. L., B. S.	Nowhere
CANNON, J. W., B. S.	Silver Creek
BURNS, D. L., B. S.	Notch
ROCKETT, H. E., B. A.	Enid
SMITH, V. R., B. S.	Torrence
SPHINX, L. P., B. S.	Hand
HAMILTON, W. N., B. A.	Taylor
SEBULSKY, M., B. S.	Vicksburg
LEWIS, W. L., B. S.	Hazelhurst
PRICE, S. O., B. S.	Hernando
WHITE, H. A., B. S.	Sontag
CHAPMAN, J. H., Ph. B.	Clinton
HAMMOND, S. P., Ph. B.	Learned
BOUNDS, T. C., B. S.	Vossburg



AND THERE WAS LIGHT

THE JUNIOR AGE

Junior Class

Motto
"Perennial Cheer"

Flower
Pink Carnation

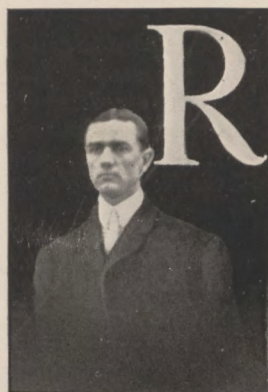
Colors
Olive and Blue

Officers

T. D. BROWN	<i>President</i>	GAINES S. DOBBINS	<i>Poet</i>
HARVEY McGEHEE	<i>Vice-President</i>	C. L. WALLER	<i>Treasurer</i>
B. S. GUYTON	<i>Secretary</i>	W. M. BOSTICK	<i>Chaplain</i>
JAMES CHANDLER	<i>Historian</i>	JOHN J. LIPSEY	<i>Fool</i>
A. A. LOMAX	<i>Prophet</i>	C. E. GIBSON	<i>Liar</i>

Junior History

"What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?"



RECENTLY Xenophon and Caius Julius Cæsar were assigned by the Universal Historical Society to write for unborn generations a history. The subject was one worthy of pens such as they only were thought able to wield. Mount Olympus was the scene. There these immortal shades, enveloped in all the inspiration of the sacred mount, and living by the very breath of the gods, launched out into the undertaking. They ate the food of the gods at the table of Zeus, and drank sweetest nectar from golden cups gracefully tendered by the hands of the nymphs.

Jupiter quieted his thunders, and the storm king drove his tempests into the Æolian Cave, that the muse might the more carefully nurse and foster every thought that occupied the labored brain of these ancient historians.

How great a shock, therefore, fell on the patient old world of letters when the Society announced that the chosen representatives, humbled in the dust, had confessed that the task was too great—that they could not accomplish the labor which at first they had accepted as so great an honor.

Undaunted by this, the potent body of men in whose interest Xenophon and Cæsar had undertaken this Herculean task assumed the responsibility themselves of carrying to completion what will be the greatest achievement of the age.

With all due respect to the glory and prestige of the men of antiquity, this august assemblage of men, known in Mississippi College as the Junior Class, or Class of '08, then chose me to do that which Xenophon and Cæsar had failed to accomplish. For they had dealt with only one Cyrus and but one Orgetorix; but I am responsible to a class every member of which is a Cyrus, and every one a greater than Orgetorix.

Between the years 5000 and 4500 B. C. we find vague traces of organized states in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates.

About 2000 years later the Hyksos conquer Egypt.

Sometime about 1200 B. C. the Trojan conflict raged, and Homer's Troy was destroyed.

Shortly afterwards the Faculty's jokes were manufactured.

In 672 B. C. Egypt was conquered by Assyria.

In the year 490 occurred the battle of Marathon.

218-201 raged the Second Punic War.

Contemporary with this Dr. Provine proved the composition of "mud."

58 to 50 Cæsar conquered Gaul.

In 476 A. D. Rome fell.

Four hundred years later Charlemagne ascended the throne.

In 1492 Columbus discovered America.

Napoleon met his Waterloo in 1815.

The Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776.

A few years later Zed and Ajax were born.

Then Mississippi College was founded and chapel speeches were invented. Finally, O fellow Athenians, comes the greatest event of all. For a careful student cannot but notice that past history is but the molding of future events, and that the final result must needs be the most important; in fact, this overshadows all that has ever been recorded in the annals of man. That great result found its materialization in the entrance of the Junior Class into Mississippi College.

In my search after facts I am unable to find when the members of this class entered. The class, generically, is without beginning, and, methinks, will be without end.

The claim of this class to the place of highest importance is not, forsooth, without sure foundation. On the athletic field our colors have ever been held high. While we were yet smoldering in the Sophomorical state we held a sweeping majority in the field sports, and our arm was foremost in directing the course of the obedient sphere on the exciting diamond.

Further, we rightly claim preëminent distinction in the classroom. Ours is a class of scholars, although we are sometimes too considerate of our mental well-being to delve too deep into the intricacies of math, and too brave to shrink from the avenging wrath of Zeus. Our code is honor, but it is universally conceded that if a stubborn quadruped is to be ridden roughshod over an unsuspecting prof, a Junior can do it most thoroughly.

That we are to give to the world literary and oratorical geniuses is shown by our record. The chief editor of the annual is a Junior, and of his six assistants four belong to our class. Oratorical medals we have won galore, and we are represented well on the anniversary tickets. Even the maturer members of the Senior Class tremble when brought face to face with one of us in debate.

It is difficult to refrain from plunging into the certainties that await the members of our illustrious class, and from venturing to tell of the mighty revolution that will be wrought in the world's destiny by it.

I have merely touched the lofty places in my history. For its correctness, and for further details, I refer you to some less modest member of the class, who will doubtless condescend to set you right and verify my statement that—

"We Are the Climax."

HISTORIAN.

Junior Prophecy



BOUT my blazing heap of driftwood fagots I build an enclosure of dead men's bones. Upon this I place a caldron filled with the blood of a fresh-slain deer; to this I add the toe of a snake, the head of a frog,

"Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing."

Then, slowly stirring with my wizard's wand, I add a page of Greek, a page of Math, a page of Latin, and of Old English, and of Chemistry and Geology and German, crowning it all with a jack to Trig. As I stir I

chant the witches' incantation:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

From the caldron's mouth a cloud of steam issues, formless at first, but growing more and more into forms distinguishable and familiar. At length before me in all the glory of its greatness stands the Class of '08.

Never before had such a class been known. As Freshmen we had given promise of greatness, as Sophomores we had ruled with a mighty hand, as Juniors we had calmly taken our places as the greatest among the many great; but as Seniors the class that stood before me combined the promise and the fulfillment, the power and the greatness, the blossom and the fruitage, of all that had ever gone before. Knowledge and learning and dignity and authority vied with each other for the chiefest place, while the wonder of all grew first to admiration and then to awe.

At last I see its members as they receive their diplomas. Then, when the graduating exercises are over, to the air of "Hail, the Conquering Heroes," we march forth to the battle called Life.

As commanders of great forces of men I see them take their places, and with glowing eyes I watch them go forth to do battle against the mighty enemies of Evil and Injustice led by the great general Ignorance. Against such an enemy they march, under the flag of Duty, and never have been soldiers truer to their flag, nor have men fought more nobly and bravely.

Red flames like serpents' tongues dart from the caldron, hissing at me and blinding me. Clasp my eyes, I start back, and when I look again, lo! the scene has changed. Years have passed, and for our faithful band the conflict on Life's battlefield is almost closed. For roll call we are assembled for the last time.

Before us stands our commander-in-chief, T. D. Brown.

The caldron sputters: a familiar voice is heard.

"Comrades, fellow-soldiers," he begins, "when we left the walls of our dear old alma mater she gave to us a sacred trust. Well have we kept the faith, bravely have we fought the fight, always true to her and to her teachings. I knew it would be so. And now, as the greatest class of this great college, we come to disband, to reassemble when the reveille of Gabriel first is heard."

The fire burns low; the caldron sputters; the vision disappears. And then I turn to see my classmates in reality, to look back at work well done, to look forward to future great achievements; and, with hope beating high, we think great thoughts and dream great dreams of the coming year and approaching Seniorship.

PROPHET.

Junior Poem

What's this effusion for? To fill up space.
 (Just take a little tip from one who knows:
 That's almost always why such drivel goes.)
I might begin, to set the usual pace,
And write: "Yon sun is sinking in the west!"
 But that's pure rot, to say the very least.
 Now, if I'd seen it setting in the east—
That might have been worth while to be expressed.
 But just to write up this old stunt again
 The same old sun's done always seems a sin.

Then might I write, as poets often do:
 "The moon shines bright; I sit beneath a tree;
 Into the sky I gaze; the stars I see."
This is the rankest twaddle of the two.
 If but the moon beneath the tree had sat
 And gazed out into space with pensive eyes
 At me, above, bright-shining in the skies—
That would have been a sight worth looking at.
 But with the moon and stars as they should be,
 To write it up sounds like—it sounds—to me.

Or I might write: "I stand upon the shore
 Of Life's vast ocean; at a draught
 The contents of Life's goblet do I quaff."
That's what I call pure drivel, nothing more.
Now, if the sea had only round me stood,
 And, watching me, had held its sides and laughed,
 As, contents in my hand, the glass I quaffed—
To write that sort o' story'd be some good.
 But why these poets write the bally rot they do
 Is more than I can guess or see. Can you?

POET



JUNIORS

Juniors

O'NEAL, J. H., B. S.	Pelahatchie
Bar Association.	
YOUNG, C. E., B. A.	Trent
Bar Association; Chicken Club.	
TAYLOR, J. M., B. S.	Monterey
BOSTICK, W. M., Ph. B.	Sandersville
Third Orator Theologs '06; Greek Club.	
BURRIS, H. C., B. S.	Thompson
CASE, R. P., B. S.	Caseyville
McGEHEE, E. H., Ph. B.	Little Springs
Chautauqua Representative '07; Bar Association.	
LEE, H. E., B. S.	Beach
Manager Junior Baseball Team.	
O'NEAL, C. M., B. S.	Pelahatchie
LEA, C. C., B. S.	Magnolia
RATHER, W. L., B. A.	Learned



JUNIORS

Juniors

MOORE, C. M., B. S.	Lena
Captain Junior Baseball Team.	
BASS, C. E., Ph. B.	Carley
McCULLOUGH, B. A., Ph. B.	Clinton
HARDIN, W. H., B. S.	Slate Springs
THOMPSON, L. I., Ph. B.	Kola
Matrimony.	
MATHIS, W. D., Ph. B.	Clinton
LANE, E. M., B. S.	Lorona
Bar Association.	
VANDERBERG, W. P., B. A.	Water Valley
COCKERHAM, F. M., B. S.	Louisiana
Baseball '05; Junior Football '06; Louisiana Club.	



JUNIORS

Juniors

LONGINO, C. S., B. S.	Silver Creek
Hermenian Fall Orator '05; Magazine Staff; Bar Association.	
JACK, E. E., B. A.	Scooba
Greek Club; Bar Association.	
LONGINO, R. K., B. S.	Silver Creek
Avoirdupois Club.	
HEMLER, W. F., B. A.	Louisiana
Varsity Base ball '06-'07; Louisiana Club; Bar Association; Greek Club; Secretary Athletic Association; Class Musician.	
SEALE, W. E., B. S.	Clinton
MIZE, S. C., B. A.	Forest
Bar Association.	
LIPSEY, J. J., B. A. and B. S.	Clinton
Pewee Club; Greek Club.	
CANADA, J. B., B. S.	Independence
Chicken Association; Manager Junior Football Team.	
BROOKS, C. K., Ph. B.	Lake
Varsity Baseball '05-'06-'07; Junior Football; President Athletic Association; Class 'Stute Walker.	
RICE, F. K., B. S.	Cascilla
Junior Football.	



JUNIORS

Juniors

GUYTON, B. S., B. S.	Ingomar
Business Manager L'Allegro '07.	
BROWN, T. D., B. A.	Canton
Freshman Medal; Reading Medal '05; Philo Fall Orator '06; Philo 3d Orator '07; Quartette; Chautauqua Representative '07; Greek Club; Glee Club; Manager Track Team.	
McKINSTRY, J. J., Ph. B.	Chalybeate
ARNOLD, H. L., B. A.	Eupora
Bar Association; Greek Club.	
WALLER, C. L., B. S.	Silver Creek
Bar Association; Orchestra; Pee Wee Club.	
STOVALL, W. D., B. S.	Sardis
Chess Club.	
PRICE, K. G., B. S.	Magnolia
Art Editor L'Allegro; Varsity Football '06; Sub-Captain Track Team '06-'07; Bar Association; Chess Club; Captain Junior Football.	
LOMAX, A. A., B. S.	Greenwood
Magazine Staff '06-'07.	
DOBBINS, G. S., B. A.	Hattiesburg
Editor-in-Chief L'Allegro; Hattiesburg Club; Vice-President Athletic Association '06; Official Reporter Athletic Association '06-'07; Greek Club.	
CHANDLER, J. G., B. A.	Braxton
Bar Association; Chicken Club; Greek Club.	
HENDERSON, W. L., B. S.	Pontotoc
LOWREY, P. H., B. S.	Blue Mountain
Literary Editor L'Allegro; Hermenian Fall Orator '06; Varsity Baseball '07; Varsity Football '06; Junior Football; Mississippi Heights Club; Bar Association; Tennis Championship Doubles '07.	
RICE, G. L., B. S.	Charleston
Bar Association; Varsity Football; Junior Football; Chess Club.	

Just Imagine

Ajax playing ball.
O'Neal writing poetry.
Pete Hailey in the Theological Society.
Pilkington walking gracefully.
Courtney stealing chickens.
"Scissors" Miller with his hair cut.
St. John making a ten in Math.
Lanear making a chapel speech.
Arrington playing hands.
Dek Stone in a hurry.
McCardle playing the piano.
Edmonds going to Jackson to the theater.
Dalrymple at Sunday school.
Prof. Weathersby with less than 5-inch collar
Stubblefield singing bass.
Bill Stovall out of debt.
Lomax with enough to eat.
Hurlbutt convinced he's wrong.
Pee wee Tucker in full dress.
Mathis kissing a girl.
Chop Suey Carothers minding the baby.
Zeus on roller skates.
Big Johnson winning the 100-yard dash.
Helmer studying at 11:30 P. M.
Dobbs with his mouth shut.

John Lipsey acting dignified.
Webb Brame smoking cigarettes.
Greek Rice on time.
Switch-Engine Jones pushing a baby-cart
Farr playing football.
Cockerham missing a 'Stute reception.
Draughn using correct English.
Kenna going to a dance.
Barber leading in prayer.
J. L. Stone too boisterous.
Stapleton with socks mates.
Shem Lowrey proposing.
Billy Guyton not in love.
Vernon Gates wearing socks.
Jackson not trying to make a mash.
Pope in track uniform.
Si Davis ploughing the garden.
Coon Berry missing a ball game.
Zed minus whiskers.

B. Y. P. U.

Officers

First Quarter

A. E. FERGUSON . . .	<i>President</i>	MISS MARY ANDERSON . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
J. M. KENNA . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	MISS ELLA MCGEE . . .	<i>Pianist</i>


Second Quarter

T. D. BROWN . . .	<i>President</i>	MISS AUDREY FORTENBERRY . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
J. C. JONES . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	MISS MAY BRUNER . . .	<i>Pianist</i>

Third Quarter

R. L. WALLACE . . .	<i>President</i>	MISS WILLIE DIXON . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
A. H. RUSSELL . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	MISS EDNA WATKINS . . .	<i>Pianist</i>

B. Y. P. U.

HE first B. Y. P. U. in connection with Mississippi College was organized in 1899. The purpose of the organization at that time was to train young Christians for service as leaders. For this purpose a class in sacred literature was taught the first two years by Dr. P. I. Lipsey, the next two years by Dr. Lowrey, and since then, with the exception of two years, by Professor A. J. Aven.

The method of conducting the work has been changed somewhat during the past few years, and now the meetings are chiefly devotional. The exercises consist of songs, prayers, and addresses or papers on specified subjects. This session we are using the course of Bible readings prepared for the B. Y. P. U. and printed by the *Service* magazine. Each Sunday as the roll is called it is responded to by giving the number of passages of scripture read during the week.

We have been greatly encouraged and aided this session by having, for the first time, the coöperation of the Hillman College girls and Faculty. We are under obligations to Professor and Mrs. Dickey for this change.

The Union is doing better work now than it has at any time during the four years that the writer has been connected with it. One hundred and sixty members have been enrolled, and 95 per cent of them are doing work that will be of value to them throughout life. Those who are interested in Christian work can come into closer touch and sympathy with each other through work of this kind than in any other way. Many lives have been made better and many characters more superb by having been identified with and having taken part in the union. Some of the choicest spirits in the two colleges have put their hearts into this work, and when the session of 1906-'07 closes they will scatter to the four winds of this and other states and impart to others the blessings received in the B. Y. P. U. Many will come back to carry on the work another session, but some, who will begin to do battle in the conflict of life, will many times be led to victory through the influence of lessons taught in these meetings.

That our Master may prosper the work of the Union and that it may be more useful and successful with each succeeding session, is the earnest desire of all its friends.

E. A. F.

Y. M. C. A.

Officers

D. M. NELSON
WEBB BRAME
J. C. JONES
J. A. OUSLEY

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer



THE Young Men's Christian Association is one of the best-known and most useful organizations that marked the history of the Nineteenth century, and it bids fair to incorporate itself into the history of all our future civilization.

While the religious element in the work is never subservient to any other, yet it was understood that the principal way in which to contribute to the usefulness of men is to give them every possible advantage of mental and physical development, which, added to the spiritual instruction, would unite to form "the archetypal man, that

lets us see the amplitude of Nature's first design."

The movement among college men is "more extensive than any other intercollegiate organization, whether athletic, literary, fraternal, political, or religious." Among its purposes are the upbuilding of strong Christian faith and symmetrical character, the assisting to resist the many subtle temptations of student life, the extending of Christ's kingdom throughout the world, and the placing of young lives where they can best serve their generation. The organization is, possibly, as great a force in the lives of college men as the church itself.

This work was introduced at Mississippi College in 1889. After meeting with some reverses it was discontinued until the session of 1899-1900. Again it suffered from a lack of interest on the part of its members. Yet, notwithstanding these reverses, the Association has progressed, increasing in membership and in usefulness year by year. While it may boast no brilliant achievements, yet no mind can compute the good that has been accomplished through its agency.

The record this year shows a good membership. Of this number there are fifty active members. We were visited recently by Mr. W. T. Davis, of the Student Volunteer movement, and much renewed interest in the work has been manifested since his visit.

The Association was represented at the Ruston conference by Messrs. R. L. Wallace, L. F. May, and L. I. Thompson.

A number of the members have answered the foreign mission call, and some day we expect to hear of like associations organized by these men where today the knee is bowed to gods of wood and stone.

T. D. B.



The Quest of the Youth

The youth fared forth at break of day,
And the sun was bright and the world was gay,
And roses blossomed along the way,
And he merrily caroled a roundelay.

Where his pathway diverged
A maiden emerged,
And, gallantly bowing, he halted to say:

"Wilt tell me the fare to Happiness? for thither would I go."

"A kiss and a smile for every mile!" Her laugh rang soft and low.

" 'Tis well. And tell me, maiden fair, how goes the road above?"

"There's a girl at every milepost, and the mileposts point 'To Love.' "

"And what if, grown weary, I should tarry on the way?"

"There are mansions built of sunbeams for all who wish to stay."

"I thank thee, gentle lassie. Art thou not coming soon?"

"Nay, nay! for what thou seekest is the liquor of the moon!"

Γάρμα Δέτρα.

Historic Clinton



"UNCLE BILL TURNER"

Richardson, none of whom need any introduction to the student of Mississippi history, * * * of Philip Werlein, T. G. Rice, Dr. Walter Hillman, and Dr. W. S. Webb, widely known as distinguished educators; * * * of Dr. George Stokes, whose exposure of "Know-Nothingism" removed the keystone and brought on the party's disruption; * * * and, last and most distinctive of all, the Mecca of distinguished educators, a modern Athens in its well-established institutions of learning."



HOME OF JUDGE LEAKE

Salus." In 1825 the Marquis La Fayette visited Judge Leake, and was entertained in this little house, which stands, remarkably well-preserved, today. This Walter Leake, the first settler of Clinton, was elected Mississippi's first United States Senator and afterwards her third Governor. He died Nov. 17, 1825.

On the hill south of Spring Hill lived Judge Caldwell. The house in which he lived was afterwards clouded with mystery. Judge Caldwell having been killed in a duel, his widow married a Mr. Kearney. Tradition says that on a certain day cries for mercy, a shot, and then groans were heard from Mrs. Kearney's room; upon which Mr. Kearney was seen running out, crying that his wife had shot herself.

"TEN miles west of Jackson and thirty-five miles east of Vicksburg, on the Alabama and Vicksburg road, is a little college town which in 1829 lacked only one vote of becoming the capital city of Mississippi," writes Dr. Hillman Brough in a brochure bearing the above title, "the ante-bellum home of Walter Leake, of Cowles Mead, of Samuel L. Gwin, of Henry G. Johnston, of Amos R. Johnston, of Henry S. Foote, of Edmund

In the fall of the year 1812 President Madison appointed Walter Leake, a Virginian, Territorial Judge of Mississippi. He at once moved to the territory, and took up his duties. He made his home as near the center of the Territory as possible, choosing, as he thought, the most healthful location to be found. Having brought with him forty slaves, "he felled the forest round about, dressed the timbers, and built the first brick home in Hinds County, calling it Mt.

A mile and a quarter southwest of Mt. Salus lived Cowles Mead. Because of the wealth of cedar, oak, pine, and magnolia trees, he called his home "Greenwood." Cowles Mead, during his well-spent life, held the position of secretary of the Territory and acting governor. This was just one hundred years ago. Today, Cowles Mead, who arrested Aaron Burr in his mad career, who for nine months held the reins of Mississippi in a grasp so firm as to strike terror to the most chronic officeholders and who even before this had guided her course in affairs of state—this Cowles Mead lies under the trees which he himself planted, under his monument, which has fallen fairly across his grave, amid a wilderness of briars. On the stone, if one will take the trouble to scrape away the mold, may be read, "To the Memory of Cowles Mead, Whose Pure Life Exemplified the Spirit of an Honest Man."

At Mt. Salus the United States established the first post office and the first land office in Mississippi. Later Clinton was made the terminus of the second railroad in Mississippi, the Clinton & Vicksburg Railway, now the A. & V.

While Gov. Clinton of New York was showing his public spirit in 1828 by promoting the digging of "Clinton's ditch," the Erie Canal, the inhabitants of Mt. Salus changed the name of their home to Clinton in his honor. A year and a half later it was incorporated by act of Legislature.



HOME OF JUDGE CALDWELL

A few years before this time Mississippi Academy had been founded, and through it came one of the three blows that prevented Clinton from holding her position in the front ranks of Mississippi towns. February 2, 1830, a committee of three citizens of the town of Clinton appeared before the State Legislature to thank them for the donation of the rents of some lands to the academy. Encouraged by the politeness shown them by the legislators, they asked that more time be given to pay the \$5,000 note due the first of January. This was refused. They also declined to make Mississippi Academy the State university. The second blow was the refusal of the Board of Supervisors of Hinds County to locate the county site at Clinton. The third and severest was when the Legislature declined to establish the seat of government at Clinton. From 1822, when the capitol had been located at Jackson—a very unhealthy place at that time—to 1829, successive efforts were made to move the seat of government to Clinton; noted as a most healthful place. This was defeated, however, by Major John L. Payton, of Raymond, the vote standing 18 to 18, upon which Major Payton voted against Clinton.

As an outcome of this stand of Major Payton's, Judge Caldwell, a prominent citizen of Clinton, challenged the former to a duel, which took place at the old dueling ground, about a mile from Clinton on the Raymond road. This duel resulted, however, in only a slight wound to Judge Caldwell. Later the hot-headed old Judge engaged in a duel with Colonel Samuel Gwin over this same quarrel, in which both principals met their death.

In 1840 Clinton was the proud possessor of thirty-seven brick and six frame store buildings, five hotels, and a weekly paper.

During the war Clinton was the objective point of much maneuvering on the part of both armies. Gen. Grant, during his stay in Clinton, had his headquarters at the place now



SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS

brick building now occupied by Mr. J. O. Hollingsworth.

Sept. 4, 1878, on Moss Hill, about half a mile north of the Clinton depot, there burst on the little town, like a thunderbolt, "The Clinton Riot." On Moss Hill negroes gathered by order of the Loyal League from all parts of the state, armed with knives, pistols, and guns. Little is known of the beginning of the riot. Whatever it was, one thing is certain, the negroes took the initiative, having come ready and expecting a conflict. In the first attack of the negroes, six whites were wounded, none killed, numbers of negroes were wounded, and two killed. While going home several of the whites were literally reduced to a pulp, others cut, stamped, and kicked to death by the crazed demons. From Edwards and Bolton, however,



HOME OF "THE PROBLEM"


came responses to call for aid. At each of the points about fifteen men boarded the train in spite of the opposition of the negroes there. The Vicksburg Modocs arrived on a special about dark. These men soon reduced the fear among the whites to a minimum. But for a day or two the reign of terror obtained. It is not possible accurately to estimate the number of negroes killed after the arrival of the troops. A day or so after the trouble was practically over, Gov. Ames telegraphed President Grant for

troops, which the President promptly refused. The direct result of the riot was to "sound the death-knell of reconstruction in Mississippi, and usher in white supremacy." Such was Clinton, to whose honor Governor Foote proposed this toast: "Here's to Jackson, the seat of government; to Raymond, the seat of justice; and to Clinton, the seat of learning."


Clinton now, thanks to its many public-spirited citizens, and especially to Dr. J. W. Provine, is a flourishing town of five hundred inhabitants, not including the students of Mississippi College and Hillman; with a well-managed electric light plant, with a system of waterworks furnishing delightful water; with a progressive steam laundry; with a well-edited newspaper; and, last but not least, is the home of Mississippi College and Hillman Institute.

Such is Clinton.

J. J. L., '08.



To You



The evening twilight fades away;
With stealthy step the night comes on;
The sinking sun's last lingering ray
Reflected in the sky is shown;
The stars, faint-shining, pale and gray,
Mark how another day is gone.

The evening shadows longer grow;
The stars are lighted one by one,
And in their gentle, mellow glow
We grieve not for the day that's done—
Until, at last, the rose-tints show
Another new-born day begun.

So, when for thee with stealthy tread
Comes creeping on thy life's twilight,
Grieve not thy heart, for overhead
The stars are glowing, soft and bright—
But go to thine eternal bed
To rest in gentle peace. Good-night.

Γάμμα Δέλτα.



Music.

Mississippi College Song

(Written by J. E. Berry for M. C. alumni reunion, '06.)

Today we sing a song of praise
 And loyalty to her whose worth
 With welcome toil has filled our days
 And scattered brightness round the earth.
 The glad world greets the song it hears,
 And loves it for the truth it bears,
 And with us blesses thro' the years
 Old Mississippi College.

Where'er her children o'er the earth
 May go, in them the world may see
 That manhood is their badge of worth,
 And brotherhood their royalty;
 One tie that binds the great and small,
 One common impulse moving all,
 One purpose blending soul with soul,
 Thro' Mississippi College.

Then let the loyal pennants stream,
 And waft our notes of praise along,
 A thousand hearts will catch the theme,
 A thousand voices swell the song.
 Today we sing her praise anew,
 Long wave the orange and the blue,
 Long live our Alma Mater true,
 Old Mississippi College.



GLEE CLUB



Quartette

BRUMFIELD

SUMMERS

HURLBUTT

BROWN



Orchestra

BROWN

WALTON

QUINN

McWILLIAMS
JACKSON

WALLER

HELMER

JONES



Bar Association

DALRYMPLE	RICE	BRUMFIELD	VANDERBERG	O'NEAL	LONGINO
CHANDLER	JONES	WALL	TURNAGE	PRICE	DAVIS
LANGSTON	MIZE	LOWREY	WILLS	McCABE	
HEMLER	McGEHEE	WALLER	STONE	ARNOLD	
LANE	YOUNG	JACK	NELSON	DRAUGHN	



Grinds

STUBBLEFIELD	RICE	LOMAX	MONTGOMERY	McKINSTRY
GREEN	LOWREY	LEA	COLEMAN	MIZE
BACKSTROM	SAUCIER	BACKSTROM	RATHER	ARRINGTON



Hattiesburg Club

GAINES S. DOBBINS, *Exalted Sultan of the Occult*

WILEY H. JACKSON, *Chief Grand Vizier*

MAJ. HUGH F. MCWILLIAMS, *Keeper of the Sacred Harem*

Eminent Invokers of the Spirits

STAPLETON

BENNETT

LOWRY

STUBBLEFIELD

DRAUGHN

TROTTER

BRADFORD



Avoirdupois Club

MOTTO: "Weigh 300 or Bust."

"TUB" KIRBY LONGINO, *His Corpulent Majesty*

GREEK RICE, *Obese Potentate*

CHOP SUEY CAROTHERS, *Heavyweight (Liar)*

GEO. WASHINGTON McCABE, *Slayer of Schlitz*

Multitudes in Common

SWITCH ENGINE JONES

BIG JAMES

KEERFUL SI DAVIS

SKINNY VANDERBERG

BABY ELEPHANT RABURN



Pewee Club

Colors

Red Baby Ribbon

SOCKLESS GATES, *Majestic Agate*

WILLIE D. STOVALL, *Grand Piruting Pewee*

HARRY TUCKER, *Midget of the Ring*

Common Marbles

VICTOR MONTGOMERY

CURTIS WALLER

JACOB OUSLEY

"SKY" ROCKET

WILLIE MAGRUDER

HISHAM BARBER

HAGIS WILSON

JABBO LOWREY

"NUTS" WALTON

JAY J. LIPSEY

BARGAIN SAYLE



Chess Club

W. H. CAROTHERS, *President*

G. W. McCABE, *Vice-President*

W. C. DALRYMPLE, *Secretary*

S. W. DAVIS, *Treasurer*

E. R. NOBLES, *Referee*

Ordinary Tin-Horns

STAPLETON

WARE

TURNAGE

STOVALL

WALL

RICE

PRICE

SMITH

BURGIN



Chicken Association

MOTTO: "Be Not Chicken-Hearted."

PETE HAILEY, *Swiper-in-Chief*

CAREY YOUNG, *Grand High Lifter*

JIM CHANDLER, *Chef of the Cuisine*

Petty Purloiners

JENKINS

WILSON

RUSH

ROBERTS

WALCOTT

ST. JOHN

BATSON

PILKINTON

CANADA

MITCHELL

McCoy



Louisiana Club

J. L. STONZ, *President*

F. M. COCKERHAM, *Vice-President*

W. F. HEMLER, *Secretary*

BANKSTON

BANKSTON

JAMES
SMITH

BRUMFIELD

CARTER

HOPKINS

HURLBUTT



Greek Club

FATHER ZEUS, *Mighty Ruler of Olympus and Creator of Hades*

LUCIUS ACHILLES ARRINGTON, *President*

HECTOR F. HEMLER, *Secretary*

AGAMEMNON ELEPHENOR FERGUSON, *Beloved of Zeus*

JOHN APOLLO LIPSEY, *Cupbearer to the Gods*

Great-Hearted Achaeans

BOSTICK

CUPIT

JACK

LANE

CHANDLER

DOBBS

MATHIS

SAYLE

OUSLEY

THOMPSON

ARNOLD

MIZE

BROWN



Mississippi Heights Club

Organized for Chicken Swiping and General Reformation

PUELLA HUGGER LOWREY, *President*

JILTED HARD BUCHANAN, *Vice-President*

JUST DELIGHTFUL BURRESS, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Freaks in Ordinary

EVER VALIANT PARKER

LEARNED TENNIS LOWREY

JUST ENTERED MELTON

JANITOR TOOTHACHE MILLER

PREPPY LONG BERRY

JAW WORKER MELTON



Z. Z. Z.

Motto:

"Zed, Zeus, and Zip."

ZACHARIAH ZANZIBAR, *Mysterious Master of the Council* ZOROASTER ZEMARAIM, *Dealer of Death and Destruction*
 ZURISHADDAI ZOPHAI ZOSIMUS, *Weird and Ghastly Ghoul*

Zigzag Zodiacs of Zion

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PREPARING FOR 'STUTE RECEPTION



Laundry Club

JOHN WILLIAM PROVINE, High Chief Mud Extractor

WILLIAM TYNDALE LOWREY, Guardian of the Tubs

MURRAY LATIMER, Slinger of the Soapsuds

ALGERNON JASPER AVEN, Bouncer of the Battling Stick

PAT HENRY EAGER, Wielder of the Wringer





THE HILLMAN GIRL



HILLMAN COLLEGE



OUR Co-EDS.



MISS ANNA WARD AVEN
MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE'S ONLY GIRL GRADUATE



MILITARY



MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE RIFLES



The Philomathean Literary Society



THE name "Philomathean" means a lover of learning; and for fifty-five years its work has exemplified the significance of what's in a name.

This Society was organized October 16, 1846. It was the result of combining the old "Bethacma" and the "Philadelphian" societies, which were organized during the early history of the College. The first president was J. D. Ford; the first secretary J. N. Todd. The first meeting of the Society, after the College passed under Baptist control, was held Nov. 29, 1850, with twelve members. One of this number, Geo. Granberry, was the first graduate of the College.

The Society continued its active work from 1846 until the early part of 1862. The outbreak of the Civil War then made necessary its disbandment. Rev. A. A. Lomax was at this time its president.

The reorganization of the Society was effected in the fall of 1870. There were then but five members. Since that time the membership has steadily increased, until now it stands as one of the most potent factors in the development and training of those associated in its work, and with each year its future becomes ever-increasingly bright.

In the oratorical arena Philomatheans have often worn the laurels. More than once has the medal of the State Oratorical Society been awarded one of their number, and at the various Chautauquas they have often been victorious.

There is no one study in the college course that is so beneficial to students as the literary society. Culture and self-control are acquired here which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Here men learn to think for themselves, to meet opposition, to accept defeat and success, and to realize the necessity of a broad scholarship. There is nothing in a college course more strengthening to the reputation and character of a man as a leader than the acquirement of those qualities obtained in literary society work.

Many of the most illustrious sons of Mississippi College have had their names enrolled as members of the Philomathean Society, and by their achievements have proven the truth of the above. A few of these only may be mentioned:

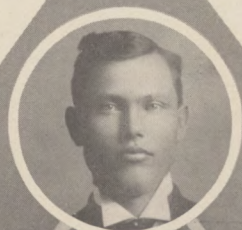
Prof. B. G. Lowrey, for nine years president of Blue Mountain Female College. Prof. P. H. Eager, now at the head of the English department of Mississippi College; H. L. Whitfield, State Superintendent of Education in Mississippi; Dr. Chas; Hillman Brough, of the chair of Economics and Sociology in the University of Arkansas; B. W. Griffith of Vicksburg, president of First National Bank; Richard Griffith, deceased, president of Merchants Bank and Trust Co., Jackson; Joseph W. Bailey, United States Senator from Texas; Judge P. H. Lowrey, of Batesville; Judge Geo. Anderson, of Vicksburg; the late lamented A. A. Lomax of Batesville; Geo. B. Eager, D. D., now a professor in the Baptist Theological Seminary; Rev. T. T. Martin, the noted evangelist; Rev. E. D. Solomon, a young evangelist who is doing a great work.

These are but a few of the men who are no less proud of having been Philomatheans than it is proud of numbering them among its members.

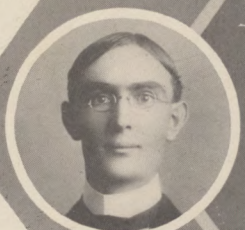




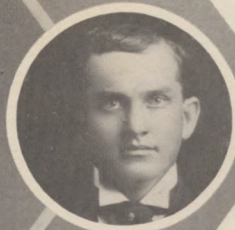
PHILOMATHEANS



J.D. STONE
ANNIVERSARIAN



WEBB BRAME
FIRST ORATOR



J.C. JONES
SECOND ORATOR



T.D. BROWN
THIRD
ORATOR

PHILOMAETHEAN
ANNIVERSARY



The Hermenian Literary Society



THE Hermenian Literary Society was founded April 26, 1854, by Capt. W. T. Ratliff. He was, prior to this time, a member of the Philomathean Society

That two societies would be better than one occurred to this far-seeing worker as being without question. Therefore, having determined upon this, he immediately began work, and the result of his efforts was the organi-

zation of the Hermenian Literary Society.

The Society organized with only five members. A. J. Wise was the first president, and its founder the first secretary. The first anniversary was held May 12, 1855. For this occasion was issued the first program ever printed for any entertainment at Mississippi College after it had passed under Baptist control.

We do not believe that there is any society in the state that does better work than the Hermenian. The student who attends college and fails to become a member of a literary society fails in an important essential to get the best possible out of his work. The men who make the greatest success when they go out from the college walls tell us that they would rather have this course in the society work than any one subject they have studied. There comes to the student a development in this work that he gets nowhere else.

No better proof can be offered of the value of the society than to enumerate a few of the most distinguished Mississippi College men who, as students, were members of the Hermenian Society.

Dr. W. T. Lowrey, President of Mississippi College, who was Hermenian Anniversarian, and who occupied every position of honor in the gift of the Society; Dr. J. C. Hardy, President of Mississippi's great Agricultural and Mechanical College; Oliver M. Johnston, Ph. D., now Professor of Romance Languages in Leland Stanford University, the wealthiest university in the United States; Dr. Franklin L. Riley, Professor of History in our State University and Secretary of Mississippi Historical Association; Alexander L. Hamberlin, poet and lecturer, one of the most brilliant men among the past students of the College; Booth Lowrey, of Blue Mountain, humorist, lecturer, poet, and teacher; Jas. P. Eagle, once Governor of our great sister state Arkansas; A. H. Longino, recent Governor of Mississippi, one of the most efficient executives the state has ever had, and at present one of

its most honored citizens; Judge J. H. Price, of Magnolia, who stands as one of the ablest and most distinguished members of the bar of Mississippi; Dr. A. L. Morris, of Gulfport; Rev. B. D. Gray, D. D., LL. D., secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, one of the ablest and most scholarly of Southern preachers; J. G. Chastain, of Mexico, a great missionary, whose work and character would be an honor to any institution; Dr. John A. Eager, D. D., who for 21 years did noble work as missionary in Italy.

These are but a few of the many men of whom Hermenians are justly proud, and with the inspiration of such lives as theirs no doubt the annals of the future will be made resplendent by the achievements of these whose names are now enrolled as loyal Hermenians.

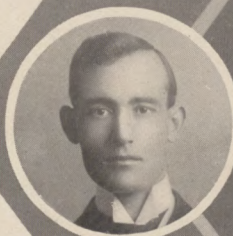




HERMENIANS



D.W. DRAUGHN
ANNIVERSARIAN.



R.B. GUNTER
FIRST ORATOR



V.L. BRUMFIELD
SECOND ORATOR



S.W. DAVIS -
THIRD
ORATOR

HERMENIAN
ANNIVERSARY



THE THEOLOG



THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY





MAGAZINE STAFF



O. E. Brock

Whose withdrawal from school at the close of the first quarter this session was necessitated by his mother's illness. Member Junior Class; Associate Art Editor L'Allegro; Herald Hermenian Anniversary; Varsity Football; Varsity Baseball, '04, '05, '06.



CAMPUS SCENE

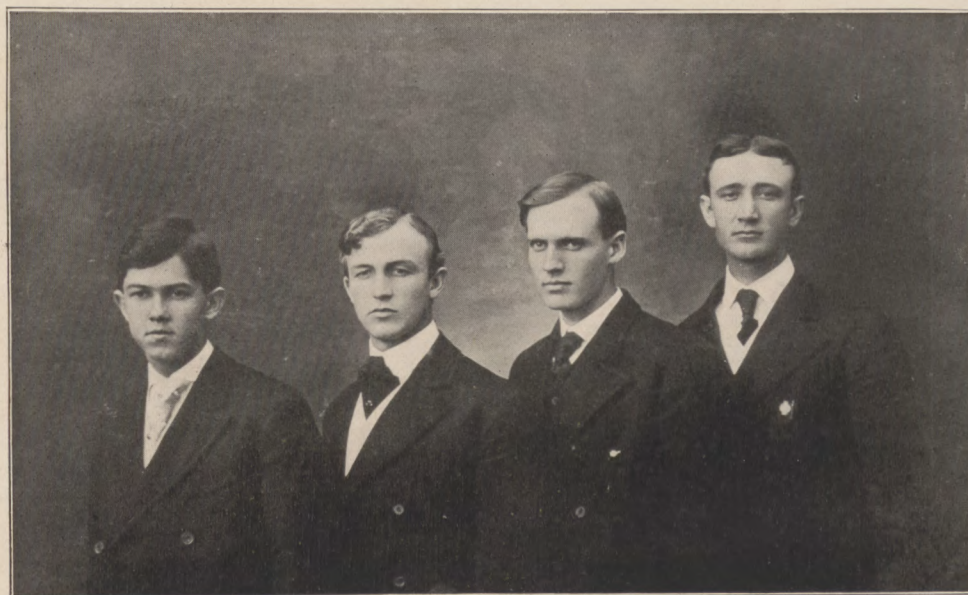
The Honor System



OR many years a solution has been sought by the members of the Faculty and student body of the difficulty arising from the looseness of principle on the part of an appreciably large number of students relative to strictly honest work in the examination rooms. The enormity of the offence of giving or receiving aid on examinations, through lack of due consideration, had become vaguely realized by a few students, and gradually this had grown to be a serious menace to the work and standing of the College.

Realizing its insidious effects, a number of attempts were made to meet and overcome the difficulty. Not, however, till the present session was a real and permanent solution found. Into the hands of the student body was entrusted the responsibility of eliminating the evil. The classes, the members of which had become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of stringent action, agreed to see to it that no member stood an examination unfairly; each one pledged himself to the utter ostracism of a man found violating the pledge which every member of every class made; and thus was effected a real and permanent solution of a most distressing and serious problem.

Two examinations have been held since that time and no suspicion of unfairness has been felt. Each year hereafter this action will be repeated, to the glory of Mississippi College and the honor of those who compose her student body.



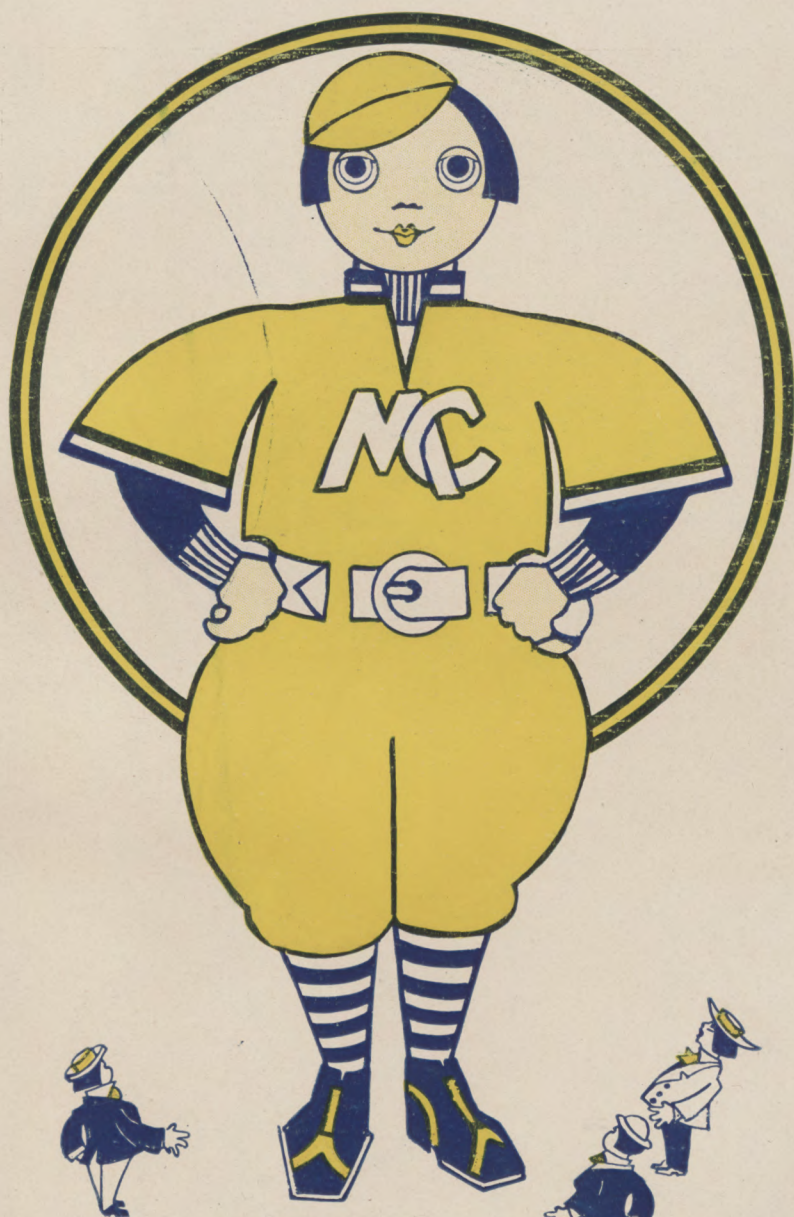
Officers Athletic Association

C. K. BROOKS, President

H. E. TROTTER, Vice-President

C. N. WARE, Treasurer

W. F. HEMLER, Secretary



ATHLETICS



MEMBERS ATHLETIC COUNCIL



Schedule

Incomplete



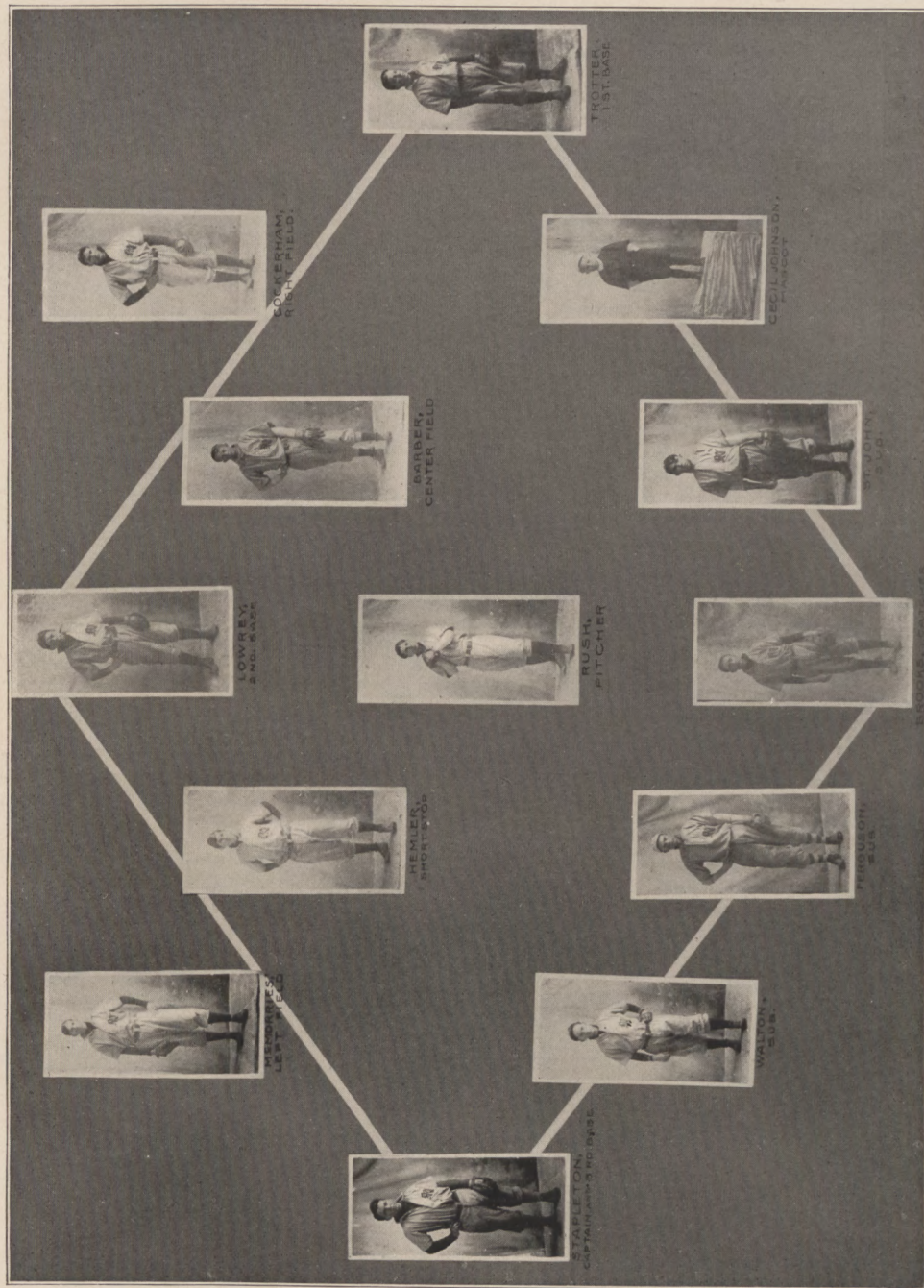
D. M. NELSON
Manager Mississippi College Baseball Team

- March 18, at Jackson.—Mississippi College, 5;
Jackson Cotton States League, 2.
- March 25, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 3
Jackson League Team, 2.
- March 30, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 0;
Jefferson, 0.
- April 4, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 10;
S. W. B. U., 2.
- April 5, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 10;
S. W. B. U., 2.
- April 6, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 7;
S. W. B. U., 1.
- April 15, at Clinton.—Mississippi College, 3; A.
and M., 4.
- April 17, at Clinton.—Double-header. Mississippi
College, 0; A. and M., 2; Mississippi College,
1; A. and M., 4.
- April 29 and 30, at Ruston.—Mississippi College
vs. Louisiana Industrial Institute.
- May 1 and 2, at Clinton.—Mississippi College
vs. Missouri State Normal.
- May 6, 7, and 8, at New Orleans.—Mississippi
College vs. Tulane University.
- May 10 and 11, at Natchez.—Mississippi College
vs. Jefferson College.



Varsity Baseball

HEMLER	FERGUSON	WALTON	
RUSH	COCKERHAM	STAPLETON, Captain	TROTTER
	LOWDERMILK	BROOKS	
	CECIL JOHNSON, Mascot		
		ST. JOHN	BARBER
		LOWREY	McMORRIES



Football Officers

Varsity

K. G. PRICE, *Manager*

H. E. TROTTER, *Captain*

Junior-Senior

Freshman-Sophomore

Light Weight

W. H. CAROTHERS, *Manager* H. C. STAPLETON, *Manager* H. R. TUCKER, *Manager*

S. W. DAVIS, *Captain*

C. A. PRICHARD, *Captain*

W. F. HEMLER, *Captain*

Varsity Squad

RICE, Right Guard

STAPLETON, Quarter Back

GRICE, Right Tackle

FARRELL, Left Tackle

PRICHARD, Left Half

SMITH, Left End

TROTTER, Right Half

DAVIS, Full Back

JOHNSON, Center

BROWN, Left Guard

PRICE, Right End

PROBY, Sub

CAROTHERS, Sub

LOWREY, Sub





Varsity Football Team





Freshman - Sophomore Squad

Interclass Champions

COOPER	GRICE	JOHNSON	WILKINSON	WHITE
TROTTER	STAPLETON	RUSH	JENKINS	
PRICHARD	McMORRIES	CARTER		



Junior-Senior Squad

JONES	CAROTHERS	COCKERHAM	
RICE	BROOKS	RICE, G. L.	CANADA
PRICE	SMITH	LOWREY	VANDERBERG



Lightweight Champions

HELMER	MAY	PRICHARD, Coach	QUIN	SUMNER
WALTON	HEMLER	TUCKER	BALLARD	BEARD
WILSON			MILTON	



Tennis

Officers Tennis Association

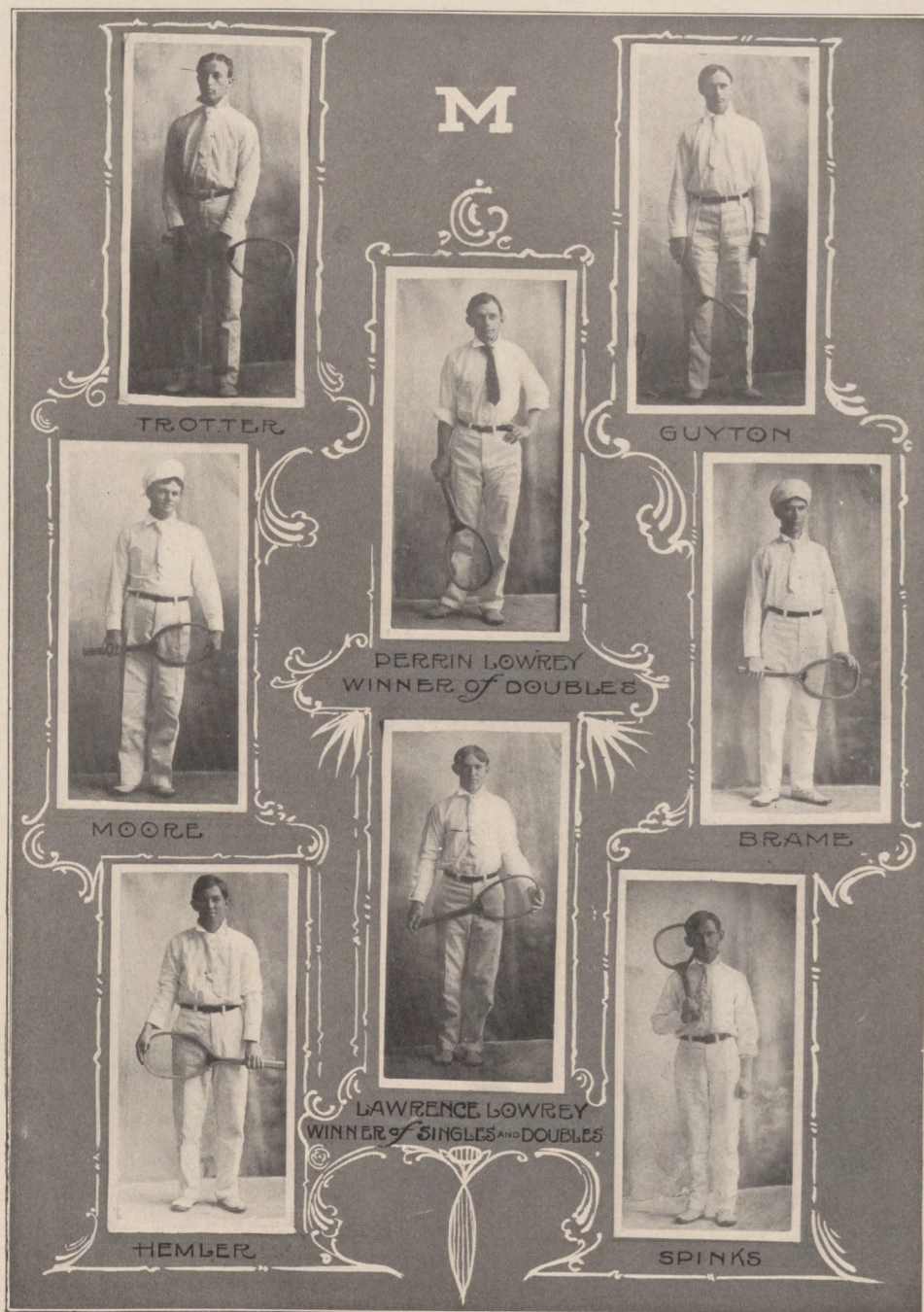
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LAWRENCE LOWREY, President

B. S. GUYTON, Secretary-Treasurer

PERRIN H. LOWREY, LAWRENCE LOWREY, Winners of Doubles

LAWRENCE LOWREY, Winner of Singles



TENNIS TEAM



Yells



Ratta-ta-thrat, ta-thrat, ta-thrat!
Terra-ta-lix, ta-lix, ta-lix!
Kick-a-ma-bah! Kick-a-ma-bah!
Mississippi College!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Hullabaloo! Rah! Rah!
Who Ah?
We Ah!
We are IT!



Chi-hi, che-ha!
Chi-hi, chick-a-la!
Chi-hi, chi-hi, chi-hi, chi!



Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ching-a-lacka, ching-a-lacka!
Ching! Ching! Ching!
Boom-a-lacka, ching-a-lacka!
Who are we?
Mississippi College boys,
Yes, sir-ee!

Hobble-gobble, hobble-gobble,
Zip, zam, zoo!
Thrim-alim, thrim-a-lam,
Thrim, thram, throo!
Hear us! look at us!
We are who?
Mississippi, Mississippi,
Yellow and blue!







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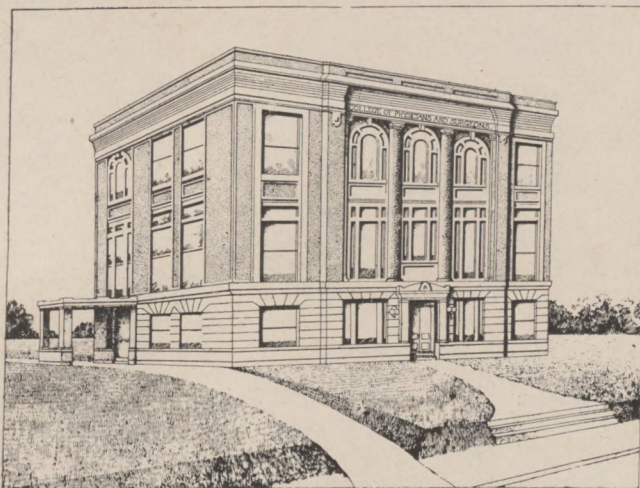
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latter part of

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